# The Outlook

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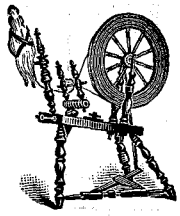

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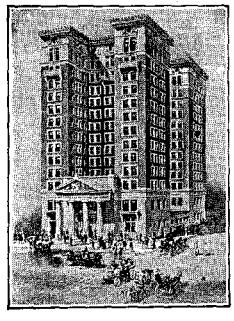

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# The Outlook

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1906


❀

*Corporation Anarchy*

The Brooklyn Heights Railroad Company carried on a very effective campaign in support of radical and revolutionary Socialism on last Sunday. There has long been a dispute between the company and the traveling public on the question whether the company has a right to charge more than five cents for carrying a passenger to Coney Island. A passenger was arrested for refusing to pay a second fare, sued out a writ of habeas corpus, and thus brought before the court the question whether the company had a right to collect the second fare. Judge Gaynor, before whom the case was brought, decided that it had no such right. Into the grounds of this decision it is not necessary for us to go: the language of the court was explicit. We quote two paragraphs:

> The charter of the Brooklyn Heights Railroad Company, therefore, permits it to charge only one fare for a continuous ride over its road (which is only about one-quarter of a mile long), and all of the connecting railroads which it operates and controls under leases or other contracts. . . .
>
> The relator could not be guilty of a breach of the peace in simply disputing the right of the conductor to make him pay a second fare. He had the right to refuse to pay it, and is discharged.

Naturally, the public accepted this decision at its face and expected to ride to Coney Island for five cents. What then happened is thus summarized by the New York "Times:"

> The Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company charged ten cents fare to Coney Island Sunday, notwithstanding the decision of Justice Gaynor, of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, who ruled that the company was only entitled to five cents. The company did this with the aid of two hundred and fifty special policemen and a corps of heavy-weight inspectors. A similar number of real policemen were on hand to preserve order, but failed to do so. Fully one thousand persons, men, women, and children, were forcibly ejected from the trolley-cars; five thousand walked nearly half the way to the island; the first steps were taken in scores of damage suits, and the Brooklyn Rapid Transit representatives defied Deputy Police Commissioner O'Keeffe, of Brooklyn.

❀

*Inadequate Defenses*

Two defenses are offered for this course of the company. One is that Justice Gaynor only decided that the passenger arrested for not paying his fare must be discharged, and that his opinion that he was not bound to pay the extra fare was *obiter dictum*. This is nonsense. An *obiter dictum* is "an opinion expressed by a court, but which, not being necessarily involved in the case, lacks the force of an adjudication." (Bouvier's Law Dictionary.) In the habeas corpus proceedings the precise question involved was whether the Brooklyn Heights Company had a right to charge two fares; if it had, Mr. MacFarlane was justly arrested for refusing to pay. There was absolutely no other question involved. The other defense is not nonsense, but it is not adequate. It is thus reported in the New York "Sun" as given by the vice-president of the company:

> There will be no change in the attitude of the company. We will continue to charge a double fare and those that refuse to pay it will be put off the cars. The Appellate Division has decided that we have a right to charge a double fare and we will do so, other opinions to the contrary notwithstanding.

There was such a decision. It was rendered in a "friendly suit" devised by the company, and one in which the company was represented by both the parties to the proceeding, and it was based on an agreed statement of facts. Justice Gaynor holds that the decision in that case has since been overruled by the Court of Appeals, and such appears evidently to be the case. In O'Reilly



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vs. The Brooklyn Heights Railway Company a suit was brought against the same company which has since set Judge Gaynor's decision at defiance; and the unanimous decision of the Court of Appeals was that the Brooklyn Heights Railway Company is required by law to give transfers for one fare over all its leased lines. The company has therefore in effect set at defiance not only Judge Gaynor's decision, but that of the highest court in the State. The action of the Brooklyn Heights Railroad was conceived and carried out in the spirit of Mr. McKane, with his "injunctions don't go here," and it were well if it could lead to the same result as it did in his case. As to the Brooklyn police, it proved itself either criminally corrupt or hopelessly incompetent. It is the duty of the police to preserve order, and this it wholly failed to do. The head of the police in Brooklyn should have decided whether the Brooklyn Heights Railroad or the passenger who refused to pay his fare was acting legally. And the police should have had orders to arrest either every passenger who refused to pay, or else every conductor who attempted to eject the non-paying passenger. The Brooklyn authorities have properly deprived of their badges the special police who are under pay from the railroad company. The authorities are also taking steps to secure a final decision from the Court of Appeals.

❀

*The Wrecking of Banks*

The theft of between one and two million dollars by the president of the Milwaukee Avenue Bank of Chicago is startling, not so much because of the enormous amount involved in the defalcation as because it shows how astonishingly easy it is for bank officers to conceal their crimes for a time, and even, as in this case, until the bank is ruined. It is true that the wrecked bank is a State and not a National bank, and it is to be presumed as well as hoped that our National bank examiners may, as a rule, be depended upon to do their duty. But the State of Illinois has a Banking Department with provision for examination of all State banking institutions; and, in point of fact, when a State bank examiner took charge of the Milwaukee Avenue Bank, it took him but half an hour to see that it was rotten to the core. Over twenty thousand depositors suddenly found that their funds had been boldly stolen; and their loss, although not total, will be very great and will entail much distress. Lack of proper examination from the outside is not the only reprehensible fact brought out by this failure; the directors appear to have left everything in the hands of the president, and at least two of them are charged with receiving undue favors in the way of loans not properly secured; the cashier of the bank, while declaring that he did not profit by the president's thefts, admits that the so-called loans to the president were made in an irregular way, that they were secured by notes which he might easily have discovered were forged, and that these notes were kept out of the hands of the regular note-teller so that they would not be presented for payment. Probably the cashier was a more or less willing tool of the president, but it is very suggestive to note that both the cashier and other bank officers seemed to think it a perfect reply to all accusations to say that they acted under the instructions of the president of the bank and that they were not bound to suspect wrong-doing, however queer the president's financial transactions might seem. It is not likely that this particular bank is typical of many others, but the wreck emphatically points out the necessity for such a rigid and stringent system of bank examination as would make it impossible for wholesale robbery to go on undetected, and also the advisability of business men holding strictly to account the directors of banks, who are too often prone to throw off their responsibility and leave absolute power in the hands of one or two officers.

❀

*The Nude in Art*

The daily press is like a watchdog: he barks only when he thinks something is going wrong. And it is like a watchdog in another respect: he does not always know the difference between a burglar and a policeman. No man in this

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country has done so much as Anthony Comstock to protect children and youth in our homes and in our schools from the unspeakable villains who are endeavoring to poison their minds by the secret dissemination of printed matter which it would be disgraceful to call literature or art. For his arduous, unremunerative, and disagreeable work he rarely receives a word of commendation from the press. Occasionally he makes, or is thought to make, a mistake, and directs his efforts against something which is so near the border line that it can by charity be termed literature or art. Then all the watchdogs in the country bay at him. No! not all. In his last act, the attempt to suppress a periodical published by the Art Students' League, he has been defended by one or two of the best papers in New York City. We have not seen the number of this periodical complained of, and we have no desire to see it. The question whether the suppressed issue was fit for publication is now before the courts, and it is just as well to leave the courts to determine it. Their decision, after investigation of the facts, will probably be wiser than that of newspaper critics who have made no examination of the facts. Nor should we refer to the incident were it not that it has evoked from two men of standing, one a professor at Harvard University and the other at Yale University, two utterances, each of which is well worthy of pondering. Professor Charles H. Moore, of Harvard University, in a letter to the New York "Evening Post," disposes very effectually of certain superficial defenses interposed on behalf of the indiscriminate publication of the nude in art:

> Whatever may be the need of practice from the nude for the exceptional few who have capacity and elevation of mind enough to make proper use of it, such practice is in no way essential in the training of the average student of art. Considered as discipline, for any ends that these students can compass, the study of any other natural organic form is as useful as that of the human figure. The student who does not find beauty in a spray of leafage will not perceive it in the Venus of Melos. But, however this may be, there can be no justification for parading in public the crude effigies of inelegant naked academy models. These belong in the students' portfolios, if anywhere. They are not works of art, and have nothing to commend them to public attention, while as mere display of nudity they justify the action that has been taken. It is only when chastened by exalted feeling and the highest artistic treatment that the nude in art is ever justified. The nudes of academy students, and of the rank and file of professional painters, seldom rise above the coarseness and uncleanness of those of Parisian Salons.

This appears to us an admirable statement of fundamental truth. It is not easy to draw the distinction between the legitimate and the illegitimate use of the nude, but this at least may be said with confidence, that it is never legitimate except when the artist, in depicting the human figure, is inspired purely by æsthetic appreciation of its beauty, and when he possesses the artistic power so to portray it as to awaken in all normal observers a kindred appreciation. That this line is often overstepped even in public galleries will hardly be questioned by any one who is familiar with art exhibitions.

❀

*The Nude in Education*

The other utterance called forth by Mr. Comstock's action comes from Charles Henry Smith, Professor of American History at Yale, and is thus reported in the Boston "Evening Transcript:"

> Familiarity with the appearance of the healthy human body should be encouraged, instead of practically forbidden, as now. No material structure is more worthy of general study and admiration. If well-selected pictures and statues of the best human figures could be put in our school-houses, and children be led by their teachers to look upon and think of them in the right way, contaminating influences would have much less chance of doing harm than is now the case. I firmly believe that the successful moral reform of the future will come along that line. For the present we have a general system of indiscriminate repression and suppression, which is occasionally brought to public notice by some sensational performance of Comstock's. This system is professedly for the protection of children and the purity of the home; but its natural and common result is to poison the very fountains of life.

This also appears to us true, but it is a truth, the reader will notice, that depends upon an IF: "IF well-selected pictures and statues of the best human figures could be put in our school-houses,



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and children be led by their teachers to look upon and think of them in the right way, contaminating influences would have much less chance of doing harm than is now the case." It is very doubtful whether in our public school system it would be possible invariably, or even perhaps generally, to secure teachers who would be able to inspire the children to look upon and think in the right way of reproductions of the nude. The idea may be impracticable of immediate response, as we think it is, but it may nevertheless be a true ideal, and one toward which educators should direct the public sentiment and the public conscience. The worst mischief perpetrated by illicit art and literature is perpetrated in secrecy, and the mischief is aggravated by the mystery with which parents and teachers have, with the best intentions, allowed the theme to be invested. If the public would unite to support with vigor all efforts for the suppression of the inartistic exhibitions of nudity as described by Professor Moore, and would encourage normal instruction and the development by legitimate art of pure æsthetic taste, as suggested by Professor Smith, and pre-eminently if children were encouraged to seek freely from their parents the information which they are now too often left to pick up from evil-minded companions, the evil which now works such havoc unseen would be counteracted and eventually conquered.

❀

*A Wrong Rule*

One experiment of closing Ellis Island to incoming immigrants on Sundays for the purpose of giving officials a rest seems to have been sufficient to prove the inexpediency of the rule recently passed by the Department of Commerce and Labor prohibiting the landing of immigrants on the Sundays of August, September, and October. "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." It is difficult to conceive of a case in which that principle is more applicable than the one in which, as the result of Sabbath enforcement, hundreds of passengers are left to swelter between decks on a steamship attached to its dock, away from the breezes of the sea and even of the harbor, and strictly forbidden to go ashore lest they should make their escape from inspection. If it is lawful to do good on the Sabbath day and to save life, it must be lawful to release the imprisoned immigrants from their close confinement in quarters none of the best even under the most favorable circumstances. If it is right to pull an ox or an ass out of a pit on the Sabbath day, it cannot be wrong to let a thousand immigrants out of the steerage. The right of the officials to their rest day we affirm; but in modern civilization there are many cases in which that right can be secured only by providing employees enough to give each employee one day in seven, without attempting to give them all the same day.

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*A Child Labor Law in Georgia*

On August 1 Governor Terrell signed a child labor bill which had just passed the Georgia Assembly, still in session, and there was terminated for the present one of the bitterest State legislative contests of recent years in that State or any other. Georgia is now removed from the blacklist of States which give no legal protection to children, and Nevada, where there is of course little child labor, is the only State left on that list, although it still contains several Territories, including the District of Columbia, for which Congress legislates, and ought to include several States, like Florida, in which the legal protection of childhood is merely nominal. The rapid growth of industry in Georgia and the great demand for labor led to so many abuses in the matter of employing children that the finger of scorn has long been pointed at Georgia, much to the discomfort of many of her noble public-spirited citizens. The question of child labor became a public issue taken up by the press and on the stump in the remotest parts of the State. Many forces were organized for the legislative struggle, which assumed greater importance than such a measure would ordinarily call out in other sections of the country. The women of the State, the State Child Labor Committee, the National Child Labor Committee (which

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now has a Southern office in Atlanta under the charge of Dr. A. J. McKelway), the member of the Assembly who introduced the bill, Mr. Madison Bell, and many individual workers, contributed to the result.

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*Provisions of the Law*

The new child labor law in Georgia goes into effect at once, and prohibits the employment in any factory or manufacturing establishment of children under ten years of age, under any circumstances. After January 1, 1907, this prohibition applies to children under twelve, except when a sworn certificate from the country ordinary, as the probate judge is called in Georgia, states that the child in question under twelve is an orphan with no other means of support, or has a widowed mother or disabled father dependent on its earnings. After January 1, 1908, night work between 7 P.M. and 6 A.M. is prohibited to all children under fourteen in factories, and all such children under fourteen must also, for day work after this date, be able to read and write and have had twelve weeks' schooling, at least six of which must have been consecutive; and such school attendance is further required until eighteen years of age, only, however, for children entering employment at fourteen or less. The standard established in the new law is of course a low one compared with what is now attempted in the more advanced States like New York, Massachusetts, Illinois, and Colorado, but it is at least a good beginning. It does not extend its protection beyond factory children, nor touch the evils of messenger service, street trades, tenement-house work, etc., nor do its prohibition of night work and its educational test become effective for nearly two years. It will be necessary also for the friends of the measure to provide private agencies to look after its enforcement until the State can be induced to provide factory inspectors, without which such legislation is usually of little avail. The results in Georgia, however, add interest to the bill now pending in Congress for the regulation of child labor in the District of Columbia, which, with the partial elimination of Georgia, becomes the most conspicuous highly civilized community in the United States without legal protection for its working children. It is to be hoped that the Senate will pass next December the excellent child labor bill now on its calendar, and remove the evils in the matter of child employment in the city of Washington which have been so forcibly pointed out by United States Commissioner of Labor Dr. Neill and other prominent citizens of Washington.

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*The Japanese Seal Poachers*

The Aleutian Islands stretch from the western border of Alaska across Bering Sea well over to the Peninsula of Kamchatka and the Kurile Islands, which form the eastern boundary of the Sea of Okhotsk. The Kurile Islands are Japanese territory; the Aleutian Islands, purchased with Alaska from Russia, are American territory; but the island of Attu is near neighbor to Japan and very remote from the major part of America. The region, moreover, is distant from all the ordinary processes of law in either land, and lawlessness in such remote and relatively uninhabited regions is always to be expected. This danger is perhaps increased in the present case because the Aleutian Islands were formerly Russian territory, and it is not impossible that Japanese feeling against Russia may operate to incite lawless Japanese to consider those islands legitimate fishing-grounds. Moreover, while there are treaties between the United States, Great Britain, and Russia for protection to sealing in Bering waters, by which they combine to patrol the waters in that part of the world, Japan is not a party to these treaties. These are the conditions which have given rise to the unfortunate incident in the Aleutian Islands. So far as we can judge from the published reports, some Japanese fishermen, who had no more right to take seals in the Aleutian waters than a burglar has to take silver from a private citizen's house, made a piratical attack upon certain seal rookeries, were repulsed by the American officials whose business it was to protect those rookeries and whose position there-

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fore was analogous to that of the police in a city, were resisted by the Japanese burglars, and as a result five Japanese fishermen were shot and twelve were taken prisoners. It is to be hoped that as the result of this incident a treaty may be entered into with Japan to join the other three Powers in patrolling the waters, in enforcing the rights of the respective nations, and in protecting the seals from the ruthless destruction certain to be inflicted by unregulated seal fishery carried on by lawless fishermen.

❀

*Peace in the Orient*

Mr. Richmond P. Hobson, who will be the next member of Congress from the Sixth Alabama District, is credited with saying that the boycott on American goods in China is due to the influence of Japan; that its object is to secure to Japan the benefits which would follow the expulsion of American trade and commerce; and that the way to meet this situation is to "have a navy in the Philippines so strong that when it makes representations demanding fair play for the nations of the earth, and urging peace, that no nation, however strong or desirous of increase of power, can gainsay the warning that may be given." Mr. Hobson's dogmatic statement that "it is nonsense to talk of this boycott being the result of the enforcement of the Chinese exclusion act" cannot be taken seriously in the face of the practically unanimous testimony of all American residents in China, of the utterances of Chinese journals, the protests of Chinese officials, and such publications as the Chinese cartoons which were reproduced in The Outlook last March. Moreover, it is difficult to see how America can maintain a tariff wall around her own territory, thus effectually boycotting foreign manufactures, and refuse to China the right to maintain a similar wall if she likes to do so, whatever may be her motive. America must either open her ports to the world's commerce or consent that other nations shall close their ports. A far more effective method of protecting American rights, whatever they may be, and securing peace in the Orient, than a navy strong enough to awe China and Japan combined, would be an international treaty with Japan analogous in spirit to that which Great Britain has already made with Japan. In truth, America could do nothing more effective for the world's peace than to propose to Great Britain and Japan, the two chief naval powers of the world, a defensive alliance, embodying the agreement that if either party were attacked the other two would come to her defense. The combined navies of Great Britain, Japan, and the United States would insure peace in the Orient, and would go far to insure peace in all the navigable waters of the world.

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*German Protestantism*

German Protestantism faces a sobering fact in recent statistical returns of the German universities. These, as quoted by the Berlin correspondent of the London "Christian World," show an ominous decline in the number of theological students, singularly contrasting with the large increase in other departments. In the past twenty years the total number of university students has risen from twenty-seven thousand to forty-two thousand—an increase relatively greater than the growth of the population. On the other hand, the students of Protestant theology now number but nine hundred and ninety-three against over twenty-six hundred two decades ago. This contrast between a gain of sixty-four per cent. in all other lines and a loss of sixty-two per cent. in theology is rendered more striking by the fact that the number of students of Roman Catholic theology is not only not declining, but increasing proportionately with the population. Some see in such a condition clear proof of the blighting effect of modern criticism, but the condition may more reasonably be attributed to the stiff confessionalism of the State Church; in part, at least, it is probably an inevitable consequence of the irrepressible conflict between confessional orthodoxy and scientific criticism, in which the vital difference between faith and knowledge, between permanent spiritual truths and their transient historical form of expression, is often for-

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gotten. A cultivated British writer, well acquainted with Germany, suggests what is probably another factor of the present decline:

I am afraid that there is no hope for German Protestantism till after the social revolution has accomplished itself—that is, until Social Democracy has gained its political end and disestablished the Church. I say this because the Social Democrats, who are several millions strong, and the one growing political party in the Empire, while officially they ignore Christianity, are in reality in deadly opposition to it. The reason is not far to seek; they do not understand Christianity as such, but see in it only an established system which has for its aim the maintenance of the social and political *status quo*—a useful police measure for keeping the poor contented with their lot. To-day it has to be frankly recognized that the Lutheran Church, as by law established, constitutes a moral barrier between the Teutonic people and Christianity.

The Free Churches, on the other hand, especially those of foreign derivation, find opportunity, stimulus, and hope in the situation so inauspicious for the State Church. Methodists, Baptists, Plymouth Brethren, and the Catholic Apostolic or "Irvingite" Church, according to the writer just quoted, "make great strides." Regarded with aversion by the State Church, they gain adherents by the enthusiasm and self-denial that carry on their propaganda. Hateful as sectarianism is, it is better than a united Church unmoved by human needs.

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*Sunday in France*

Socialism has succeeded in establishing for France a legal Sabbath, which neither Romanism nor Puritanism was able to do. The Boston "Transcript" translates an interesting article from "Le Figaro," giving an account of this law and some of the difficulties which are threatened by its enactment. It makes cessation from labor on Sunday compulsory, with certain definite exceptions intended to provide for those cases in which, in the judgment of the lawmakers, cessation from Sunday labor would be prejudicial to the welfare of the public or compromise the normal workings of an establishment. In these cases some other day in the week may be substituted, and not, as we understand it, the same day for all employees. Among these exceptions are included hotels, liquor saloons, hospitals, drug-stores, newspaper offices, water, gas, and electric works, and transportation companies. The objection to the law came, according to "Le Figaro," chiefly from the small shopkeepers:

A portion of the population of Paris frequents the shops only on Sunday. A workman or a clerk, busy all the week, finds that day the sole time when he can be at leisure to purchase the clothing or household utensils he needs. The big stores can close without doing themselves harm, for their patrons are rich or at least well-to-do, and can get time to make purchases on week days. With the small retail dealers, however, and especially with those in poor districts, Sunday is usually the day when the most business is done; so much so, indeed, that many of those houses are doomed to certain ruin if they must be closed on that day.

The remedy for this contention is suggested by the growing habit in America of early closing on Saturdays and by the limiting of factory labor to eight hours a day. This gives the early evening and Saturday afternoons to wage-earners for their shopping. It is a curious and interesting fact that France, after repudiating the enforcement of Sunday as a religious obligation, has come back unconsciously to the principle involved in the Fourth Commandment, which required no religious observance, but simply forbade all labor on the seventh day, setting man free from the drudgery of toil and leaving him to make such use of that freedom as he himself thought best. This was in accordance with the spirit of the Old Testament law, which treated all religious services as a free-will offering, never as a compulsory obligation to be defined and enforced by legislative enactment.

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*Public Education in England*

The cable announces that the Court of Appeals in England, the highest judicial tribunal in Great Britain except the House of Lords, has rendered a decision which supports the action of the Nonconformists in refusing to pay the school rates levied to provide for religious instruction in volunteer schools. According to this report, the County Council in Yorkshire refused to pay

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teachers for the time devoted by them to religious instruction, and the Court has sustained the County Council in its refusal. The ground for this decision is not explicitly stated. It is assumed to be due to imperfection in the terms of the bill which provided for such religious instruction. It cannot be due to the judgment that Parliament exceeded its powers in passing such a bill, because England has no written constitution, and there are no limits to the power of Parliament which the courts can recognize and enforce. The inevitable effect of this decision will be greatly to sustain Mr. Birrell and the Liberal party in the present movement to eliminate denominational instruction from State-supported schools.

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*Political Advance in Persia*

Just as the Russian Czar's arbitrary will does away with the Russian Parliament, the announcement comes from Persia that the Shah proposes to introduce representative government to some extent. It is not likely that the Shah will give up to any large degree the absolute power which has been in the hands of rulers of Persia from time immemorial, but even the semblance of a constitution will be rather startling as promulgated by an Oriental despot. The statement comes from the Shah's Grand Vizier, whose title and resounding name remind one of the Arabian Nights. Mirza Nassrollah Khan Mochiredolet Sadreazame, the Grand Vizier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, states that, for the extension of national tranquillity and the welfare of Persia, a national assembly will be organized. Its membership will be made up in equal parts of princes of the blood, clergy, chiefs of the reigning dynasty, high dignitaries and personages, merchants and representatives of corporations. Apparently the Shah will preserve a complete power of veto, and he will still remain "King of Kings and Vicegerent of the Prophet." This movement toward liberalism and a representative form of government is generally attributed to the Grand Vizier, who has been for some time credited with progressive and modern ideas.

*A Runaway River*

In southern California, a few miles north of the Mexican line, there is a curious topographical phenomenon, a large area aggregating several hundred square miles that is much below the sea level, in some places over two hundred and fifty feet. Geologists tell us that this territory was once an enormous fresh-water lake, resembling Lake Superior or Lake Michigan. Gradual climatic changes conspired to reduce the effluents, and gradually the lake evaporated, leaving its dry bed as a semi-desert. The hillsides in the vicinity of the old lake are of fertile soil, but scarcity of rain has prevented any form of cultivation. Several years ago irrigation works were started, whereby it was proposed by means of a series of canals to gather sufficient water from the Colorado River, thirty or forty miles to the eastward, so that the arable lands might be provided with sufficient water for cultivation. So far as the redemption of the land is concerned, irrigation here proved a success, as it always has in the dry regions of the West. But the banks of the Colorado River, as well as much of the territory that intervenes between the river and the old lake, are composed of a soft, loamy soil, admirable for farming, but very easily undermined and washed away. The irrigation engineers failed to take adequate precautions to prevent erosion, so some of the canals, originally designed merely for irrigation, have washed out to such an extent as to allow the Colorado River to pour into the huge, saucer-like depression, one hundred and thirty-seven miles wide, that formed the old lake. For more than two years the Colorado River has run away from engineering control, and now it is reported that at Calexica a crevice nearly ten miles wide has been washed out, through which the entire volume of the Colorado River is rushing. Already there is a body of water covering more than four hundred square miles, and during the first two weeks in June the Government gauge showed an increase of more than eight feet in depth over this vast area. So far, engineering attempts to control the river have failed. The Colorado River is most unmanageable in the sum-

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mer months, owing to the annual flood that is produced by the melting snows on the hills. Apparently there is little hope of regaining control of the stream this year, and the river is now cutting back a new bed by washing away the silt, having cut a cañon one thousand feet wide and more than thirty feet deep. It has washed away a small Mexican town, it is endangering many miles of the Southern Pacific Railway, and unless control is soon regained the Government dam at Laguna, a structure nearly a mile long and about two hundred and fifty feet broad on top, may be destroyed.

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*What Will be the Consequences?*

It is difficult to foresee all of the results of this curious happening. In the first place, if the control of the river is not regained, it will certainly continue to fill the entire depression below the sea level and finally make a lake, estimated to be some two thousand square miles in area and from two hundred to three hundred feet in depth. To do this will require some thirty or forty years of continuous flow of the entire volume of the Colorado River. Afterward the river must find some new channel to the sea, because, if its waters are diverted for so long a period, its old bed to the Gulf of California may be so blocked up as to force the river to find a new bed. Next comes the question of the destruction of property. Already one town has been washed away, others are threatened, and thousands of acres of land that have been placed under cultivation through the aid of the irrigation works have been flooded. Then there is the effect to be produced upon the climate of southern California by the creation of so large a body of fresh water. Just what this will be is difficult to forecast. Probably it will turn a now rainless region into one having a reasonable amount of precipitation, and so, possibly, the creation of this lake may provide natural irrigation over a much larger territory than could be served by canals. It is also probable that this body of water will do much to reduce the torrid temperatures of southern California and western Arizona, but to what extent there is no precedent on which to base a prophecy. Finally, there comes a curious international question. The treaties between the United States and Mexico regard the Colorado River as a navigable stream, although it is so shallow that in the past it has been of but little commercial consequence. What shall be said by Mexico to America if she diverts and takes away a navigable stream? There is also the question of the riparian rights of the owners on the Colorado River south of the breach through which its waters are now pouring. It has always been good law that the owner of property abutting on a stream was entitled to make any use of the water he saw fit, provided he returned it to the stream in good order so that his neighbor below him could enjoy an equal privilege. But at present there is no Colorado River south of Yuma, and the question arises, From whom shall the owners of the lands below seek redress? It would be impracticable to collect from the original irrigation company, whose lack of engineering foresight is responsible for the present condition of affairs, a tithe of the damage that may result. The Mexican Government has already appointed a special commission, including many distinguished engineers, headed by General A. G. Pena. Inevitably the United States must take similar steps, but any just and equitable agreement must be in the nature of a compromise.

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*A Graphic Exhibition*

Philadelphia is to have a unique exhibition during the coming winter, which ought to prove of great helpfulness in educating public opinion on the subject of the evils incident to many forms of modern industrial activities. Lay figures will be employed to show the effects of certain kinds of labor upon the human body. Every detail of the disease-breeding conditions under which little children, young girls, and women work will be carefully portrayed by skilled artists who have been employed especially for this work. It has been discovered that there are in reputable factories in Philadelphia foremen who allow their hands to work where pieces of lint fly through the air like snowflakes, although there are laws which require that these pieces of lint

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shall be carried off through an exhaust-pipe or by some other practical method. One employer even confessed that his employees had been known to be afflicted with dangerous diseases because of this neglect on his part. The artist in charge of portraying this particular condition has promised to give such a graphic picture of it that no one but the most heartless manufacturer will dare to neglect simple precautions again. Pictures illustrated with lay figures will tell the story of the puny, overworked boys employed in the mines. The artist will portray the dark, foul surroundings under which Pennsylvania boys are compelled to work for a miserable pittance in the coal mines. There are glass-works in the heart of large cities which employ children all night, and totally neglect the laws about labor certificates. These conditions will also be portrayed graphically. In short, the effort will be to make such a spectacular demonstration of the adverse conditions of labor that a strong and unrelenting public opinion will be created in favor of more and better laws and a more effective administration through more and better-paid inspectors. To quote the words of one of those in charge of the exhibition: "We do not intend to spare the feelings of the too sensitive. Nothing short of an actual pictorial representation of the tragedy that is enacted every day in our city will ever bring thoughtless people to their senses. They are stirred by pictures of imaginary tragedies upon the stage. How much more ought they to be stirred by the graphic portrayal of the conditions which actually exist all around them—conditions for which many contented persons are responsible!" Organizations like the Consumers' League of Philadelphia, the Pennsylvania Child Labor Committee, the Philadelphia Board of Education, and the Charity Organization Society of Philadelphia, are represented in the management of the affair.

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*Life Insurance In New York*

Some of our correspondents have expressed surprise that we advised policy-holders in New York life insurance companies not to swap horses while crossing the stream—in other words, not to throw out by their votes all the old directors and install entirely new boards in their place. One irate individual from South Dakota is quite sure that we have lent our influence to Wall Street stock jobbers in this advice not to follow too unquestioningly unknown leaders in the proposed radical revolution. Possibly he does not know as much about the facts as some of those who live in New York. Possibly those who, like him, imagine that everything has been wrong in the past management, and that everything would be right if the policy-holders' committee were blindly followed in their proposition to have an entirely new management, may have their opinion a little shaken by the fact that the secretary of the policy holders' committee has resigned, with implied charges against the present management of that committee, and his resignation has been accepted, although with recriminations. It is true that the affairs of the New York Mutual are in something of a tangle, but it is also true that the affairs of its critics are also apparently somewhat tangled. The Outlook repeats its advice to all policy-holders to exercise great caution in either voting for new boards of control or giving their proxies to those who apply for them.

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## *The Brutality of Barter*

Professor Sidney A. Reeve, in "The Cost of Competition," presents with great vigor an indictment against the whole system of barter, as essentially, intrinsically, and irredeemably brutal. A few sentences from this indictment must here serve to illustrate its character:

> The competitive policy of "charging all the traffic will bear," when applied to the staple necessaries of life, means nothing less than putting up the prices until the consequent decrease in the expansion of population, visible in decreasing purchases, warns the profit-seekers to put it no higher. The bargainers are unconscious of this fact, they are unaware that in watching the market reports of the volume of trade in wheat and beef and ice they are gauging the relative activities of Life and Death, but it is true nevertheless. Every fluctuation in price of commodities, every variation in price or demand for labor,

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constitutes bodily violence. In the form of bodily discomfort, pain, want, the congestion of habitat until tuberculosis becomes epidemic, the reduction of clothing until pneumonia is rife, while malnutrition aids a whole series of other diseases to swell the list, of overwork until rheumatism claims those who do not turn insane or criminal, of limited supply of milk and ice in summer until the babies die like flies, of all sorts of physical suffering to the point of life and death, of moral suffering to the extreme that social degradation can express—in all these forms barter can and does include the worst imaginable violence to humanity.

Professor Reeve goes on to compare the brutalism of the prize-ring with that of the market-place, to the advantage of the prize-ring:

In the prize-ring equality of opportunity and of doubt as to the issue is carefully preserved, so that both parties may enter the contest willingly, even joyfully. Marquis of Queensberry rules pit carefully man against man, pound of brawn against pound of muscle, each man restricted to contest within his proper class. . . . But in commercial competition . . . the fight is deliberately made as unfair as possible, is carefully restricted to one between the powerful and the weak, between the "successful" and the "improvident"—as between a corps of gladiators in the arena, prudently provided with sword and shield, against a huddled mob of naked savages or of non-resistant Christians.

The remedy for the evils thus portrayed, and the only adequate remedy, according to Professor Reeve, is the total abolition of barter. Free exchange for mutual advantage he regards as impossible; the spirit of competition and the spirit of service as wholly inconsistent. The evils, inherent and unavoidable, in a system of barter are "forcing the public into an unanswerable political demand for complete Socialism." And what he means by complete Socialism he thus defines—the italics are his:

That each man's produce, be it what it may, *must be sold at cost to the community as a whole*, represented by its public agent, *and to the community only;* in other words, that the legal ownership of all value produced within the community shall be vested as completely in its Central Office as is now the case within every factory.

This is not to be a voluntary act by each individual; it is to be accomplished by the laws of the land, by legal statutes enacted and enforced by political authority.

We have given thus at length quotations from Professor Reeve's book because he is an American, a man of intellectual standing in the community—he is Professor of Steam Engineering at Worcester Polytechnic Institute—because his volume is one of the most effective of the modern indictments of the competitive system and one of the clearest in its demand for a socialistic system, and because both his indictment and his demand seem to The Outlook to illustrate the defects in modern Socialism.

I. All that Professor Reeve says about the evils of barter is true; but he does not state all the truth. He portrays the evils but not the benefits; and barter has produced both evils and benefits. Commerce, when conducted as war, is cruel, as all war is cruel. The motto "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost" is barbaric—as barbaric in a market-place as on a battle-field. But every battle-field is not a Bull Run; and the market-place is not illustrative only of the inhumanity of greed tempered by the prudence of acquisitiveness.

Barter is intrinsically an interchange of services. No doubt acquisitiveness is one of the impelling motives in this interchange of services; but other motives also co-operate in barter and go to make up the real, the invisible life of the modern market. The greatest captains of industry—bankers, merchants, railway builders—are inspired by the same ambition to achieve great results that has inspired the greatest statesmen and the greatest generals. It would be as unjust to assume that the great financiers care only for the profits they can get out of their enterprises as to assume that the college professor cares only for the salary that he can earn, or the soldier for the booty he can pick up or the pension he can secure. The commercial ambition is often a sordid ambition, but it is often a noble one. And no picture of the effects of barter is true that does not take account of the commercial pride to render a great service, one that shall be at least worth all that is paid for it.

Free competition has enormously developed the productive energy of mankind. Coupled with greed it has created

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an inhuman energy, which is guilty of all the crimes that Socialism charges against it. Coupled with the ambition of service it has bridged the ocean, built railways, harnessed the rivers, pioneered the continent, and covered it with prosperous farms and happy homes; in brief, wrought social benefits which Socialism never sees. Nowhere in the world has competition had so free a field as in America; and nowhere have wealth, intelligence, virtue, and prosperity been so well and so widely diffused. These benefits are not to be carelessly flung away because of the evils that have accompanied them. How to preserve the benefits and abolish the evils is the problem which demands the consideration of every lover of his fellow-men.

II. As Socialism errs in its interpretation of modern society by looking only upon one class of effects which competition has produced, so it errs in the remedy which it proposes—the abolition of all competition. To paralyze energy because selfish energy is brutal is not the way to cure the brutalism of barter. And it is not easy to conceive any method which would more effectually paralyze energy than to say to every man, Whatever you produce shall be turned over to a Central Office to be distributed as its wisdom may dictate, or as its sense of justice may demand. It, and it alone, shall determine what is the value of your product and to what compensation you are entitled. That the productive energy would continue in us all if the spur of necessity were removed cannot safely be assumed. We agree with Professor Reeve that the economic problem of the present epoch is, How can we secure to every producer the exact value of what he produces, neither more nor less? Certainly this is not done at the present time by the present competitive system, though we doubt whether it would be better done by a Central Office. But the economic problem is not the only problem. If that were perfectly solved, there would remain this not less important problem: How shall the exchange of immaterial services with material services be managed? how shall the service of the preacher, the teacher, the doctor, the mother, which cannot be even stated in economic terms, be so compensated that their material needs shall be adequately provided for? How shall a Central Office determine the economic value of the home happiness which the mother's love provides for husband and children, or of the babe whom the doctor rescues from death and restores to the mother's arms, or of the ignorant child educated by the teacher for useful citizenship, or of the citizen inspired by the Christian minister to bear his burdens with greater patience, meet his difficulties with more cheerful courage, and face death itself with an immortal hope?

Socialism affirms that "there is no hope of altering human individuals until you first alter man's most active environment: the artificial institutions, customs, and laws through which he is related to every other man, which he has created and which he alone can modify or destroy." If he alone can modify or destroy these institutions, it would seem that he must first be altered before they can be modified or destroyed. In fact, experience demonstrates that the alteration of character and of environment must go on together. Socialism affirms that "it is the height of absurdity, or of worse, for practical business men, knowing what they are talking about, to speak of the interests of capitalism and labor as being identical." At the hazard of being characterized as absurd or something worse, we venture to affirm that there will be no real industrial peace until the capitalists—that is, the tool-owners—and the laborers—that is, the users of the tools—come to realize that they have a common interest and should have a just and equal share in the profits of their common enterprises; that the final basis of peace will be an industrial condition in which the tool-workers become the tool-owners; and that the present tendency in America is, though far too slowly and despite much blind and much intelligently selfish opposition, in that direction.

The present industrial conditions cannot continue unchanged. They will not continue unchanged. The evils, both economic and ethical, of our present system are proving intolerable. But if free competition is not the panacea our

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fathers hoped it would be, the abolition of all competition will not be the panacea the Socialists hope it will be. The problem of society is to adjust competition and combination in a social harmony, as the problem of nature is to preserve in the solar system the harmony between the centrifugal and the centripetal forces. Society has nothing to hope from those worshipers of the past who shut their eyes to the evils which Professor Reeve has so graphically depicted. But it has more to hope from that gradual process of industrial evolution which is, all too slowly for our impatient spirit, making industry democratic, than from that sudden process of revolution which would abolish altogether barter as a means of exchanging services and substitute either a common ownership of all the products of industry, or a distribution of those products by means of a Central Office which would determine the cost of all products and regulate the ratio of all compensation.

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# *A Spiritual Gentleman*

There are many kinds of teachers, employing diverse gifts and speaking different truths. There are men who bring with them the sharp, uncompromising individuality of one-sided or imperfectly developed character; who see a few aspects of life with great distinctness and preach the gospel of righteousness with an immediate effect due in part to rigidity of mind and concentration of attention and interest on a few points of experience. There are other teachers whose strength lies chiefly in clearness and vigor of mind, in the ability to analyze closely, to follow a process of thought to the logical end, and to put the results of thinking in lucid and convincing English. Such men owe their influence largely to the intellectual temperament and to energy, clarity, and penetrating force of mind. There are still others to whom is given the faculty of vision, who live in the spiritual world as simply and with as little surprise or questioning as most men live in the material world. Through the darkest mists they always see the stars; beyond the dust and confusion of the great plain on which men strive and toil they are always aware of the sweep of the mountain summits against the sky; in the disturbing agitations they rest on immovable foundations; in the hour of grief they are always in the presence of Him in whom all the vanished live in the power of the endless life.

To each of these types of teachers a work is assigned, and each is a leader in his own way in that great struggle for the liberation of the human spirit which we call history. It has often happened that greater honor is paid to the zealous preacher of a few truths than to the gentler, more harmonious preacher whose imagination, tolerance, and power of sympathy open the whole world to his view. Men of the type of John the Baptist and of St. Peter present outlines much more definite and quickly discerned than men of the type of St. John; and rare, fine, sensitive men move slowly to their own.

Such a man stood years ago in a metropolitan pulpit which he invested with a dignity and nobility which constitute the best inheritance of a church. For many years his tall figure, his grave but kindly face, his simple unassuming authority of manner, his sympathetic voice, and the contagious quality of his spirit were associated in the minds of a multitude with the highest truths and the most beautiful qualities of the Christian spirit. He was an admirable preacher; a master of the art of clear thinking and of lucid, winning statement; sensitive alike to the greatness of his message and to the completeness and beauty of its form; but if he had remained silent in his pulpit on a Sunday morning his people would have gone to their homes comforted and uplifted. In his silence, as in his speech, the man he was spoke with the authority of a great purity and with the eloquence of a lofty, sensitive, and fine human spirit.

It was often said of him that he was the gentleman in the pulpit. He delivered his message with the courage of unfaltering conviction, but his was a hand that healed while it smote; the wounds he inflicted were the wounds of a friend. He stood on so high a plane and his disinterestedness of spirit was

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so manifest that those upon whom his words fell like a scourge knew that it was the cleansing passion of love which pursued and overtook them in the paths of evil.

When the light of day faded in some great sorrow, he entered the darkened room with a step so light that he seemed to be the guardian of the place, and with a candle in his hand that robbed the gloom of its terrors. He seemed to divine without words what agonies of mind were in the place, and to know by instinct where and how to lay his hand in sore trouble. When words were to be spoken, the delicacy and refinement of his nature inspired him to touch with the lightest finger the chords of feeling and to set them vibrating to the music of great hopes and divine consolations. He entered the experiences of others with the authority of a priest, but with the reticence, the quietness, the nice sense of spiritual conditions of a gentleman. Where many able and well-meaning men stumble and disturb, he brought companionship, healing, and rest. He made strange and lonely places where he ministered homelike; he touched unfamiliar surroundings with that sense of the presence of the Infinite which robbed them of their unfriendliness; and the grave became, under the spell of his tender and penetrating voice, not the end of the valley of the shadow, but the way to peace and joy.

To open the door of the House of Sorrow, not with the hand of authority, but as one of the household; to walk with quiet step, to speak in low tones as one familiar with grief and acquainted with sorrow; to set the closed windows wide and let the sun stream in as it lies on sweet fields and joyful gardens; to use the words of love as if they were still the common speech of those who remained and of those who were gone; to know by instinct and to touch with delicate sympathy great sorrow in its first moments of unutterable loneliness: this is to clothe the great word gentleman with spiritual significance and to give to the service of the teacher the tenderness and comforting power of Him in whom truth and courage and authority were at one with sweetness, refinement, and that imagination which takes all sorrow to itself and brings peace out of the fullness of a love to which no bitterness of experience is a stranger.

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## *Prayer*

The two interesting articles on prayer published in recent issues of The Outlook differ in detail, but both are testimonies to an experience; and in both the experiences growth in the power of prayer was due to the cultivation of the art of prayer. This experience, as widespread as the human race, of the reality of prayer is the adequate demonstration that communion between the spirit of man and the spirit of the invisible God is possible.

The skeptic asks, somewhat cavalierly, What do you know about God? Very little. What do you know about the laws of spiritual intercourse? Very little. Why, then, do you pray? We answer with parallel questions. What do you know about electricity? Very little. What do you know about the laws of electricity? Very little. Why, then, do you ride in a trolley-car? We pray for the same reason that we ride in the trolley-car. The trolley-car brings us to our destination; the prayer gives us the inspiration of comfort, illumination, and strength for daily needs.

The skeptic asks, Is it conceivable that God should set aside the laws of nature at the request of one of his children? We answer that question with another. Is it conceivable that a fellow-man should set aside the laws of nature at the request of one of his fellow-men? When your child is sick, why do you call in a physician? Can he set aside the laws of nature? No, but he understands the laws of nature better than you do, and by using them brings back health to the sick child. If a physician, whose knowledge and power are very limited, can do this, why should we disbelieve that God with his larger wisdom and larger power can do so? The argument of the skeptic against prayer, based on the uniformity of nature, is equally an argument against all requests by one person to another person, and, indeed, against all activity of any kind. The

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uniformity of nature does not prevent us from helping one another, neither does it prevent God from helping us.

But God already knows what things we have need of before we ask him; why, then, should we ask him? Will he yield to our teasing what he would not give to our needs? No. But asking is often the necessary condition of receiving. It is useless for a doctor to prescribe a medicine which the patient will not take. It is useless for the friend to offer advice which his friend will not accept. In truth, it is generally unwise for a physician to offer medicine until his prescription is asked for, and unasked advice is rarely serviceable. By asking, if our asking is sincere, we open our minds to the divine result, our hearts to the divine inspiration, as by going to a friend we open our souls to the proffer of his friendship.

But prayer is not merely asking; it is communion, fellowship, the intermingling of our life with God's life; conversation with the All Father. Sometimes it is merely listening to him. "Be still, and know that I am God," is prayer. "O that I might know where I might find Him!" is prayer. "Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still," is prayer. "Speak, Lord, for thy servant is listening," is prayer. A boy asks of his father a nickel to ride to school in the morning because he is late, and he gets it. Returning in the afternoon, after supper he sits down by his father in the flickering firelight and tells the story of the school day; his successes, his failures, his temptations, his struggles, victories, and defeats, the good times he has had and the disappointments he has suffered, and the injustices which have been inflicted upon him, and how he has carried himself in them all; and his father simply listens and scarcely says a word, and at the end of the half-hour's communing the boy, who has asked for nothing but has received the inflow of his father's life, goes to his bed rested, refreshed, invigorated, ready to take up the duties and joys of the next day with a new spirit. Thus to tell to our Father the story of our life experiences, and receive from our Father something of the greatness of his own nature to fit us for what lies before us, is prayer. To deny the possibility of such prayer is to deny an experience as old and as universal as humanity.

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# *The Spectator*

It has long been a favorite idea of the Spectator that there is no journey so short nor apparently so unimportant that it does not bring all the essential changes of travel. The Spectator does not mean to say that the mind of the traveler is the sole essential to create interest. He believes that to every mind, even partly awakened, the little journeys bring a sufficiency of interest and excitement if the soul can awaken to a self-consciousness that teaches it to know and recognize its own delights. But it must be able to say not only, "I have found the time enjoyable," but must know and be able to re-word for others the causes to which its pleasures are due. It is not only madness that gambols from this task. Ignorance, lack of training, or freedom from the daily need of coining thoughts into money—all three equally unfit the mind to retrace its mental steps.

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Not to gambol too far from his subject, the Spectator desires to share with his friends some of the entirely usual and yet fascinating experiences met with in a recent New York journey—a journey beginning at the corner of Liberty Street and ending just as the Lexington Avenue car gave evidence of the parting of the ways that separates its daily round from that of its fellows. The Spectator is well aware that, in the terminology of Kipling, this entire journey might be said to be located in a "hog trough," for so that gifted young writer was urged by his genius rather than his good taste to stigmatize New York's marvelous thoroughfare. And yet the Spectator can never forget the moral lesson he learned in childhood from the fairy tale of the prince's messengers who each declared most abundant that for which he was looking. The seeker of the beautiful, the seeker of the evil, alike found him-

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self under the law that ordains the attraction of likenesses.

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And therefore the Spectator is delighted to say that Broadway appeared to him in another guise. It was not even to be likened to a busy thoroughfare of ants upon an ant-hill, to use a metaphor of Francis Bacon's. It seemed rather a section through many thousands of lives, giving in ten thousand variegations a glimpse of the intertwining of human souls. As the Spectator from the side of the car let his eye flutter from flower to flower amid the efflorescence of human souls, he felt the same sense of oneness with humanity that comes from reading the teeming images that jostle one another in every line of Walt Whitman's poems. Indeed, he was in the same garden of inspiration from which Whitman culled those multicolored images. To one side of him was a grinding truck carrying T-beams, upon the flat surfaces of which lay sturdy laborers, half somnolent and in indifference to the turmoil about them, but with a latent appearance of energy that must have touched any artistic susceptibility. Into the eyes of one of these men the Spectator smiled, but only to find that he himself was part of that multifarious world to which the laborer's sated mind was so indifferent. Next in the river of vehicles came a motor business-wagon, with that air of having lost its draft-animals which some day an artistic designer of automobiles will find means of removing. The Spectator reflected vaguely that the driver of such a car must at first feel himself in danger of plunging headlong over the dashboard into the midst of the traffic around him.

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Turning from these sights to make room for an entering passenger—for the Spectator confesses with shame that he felt justified in his mission of observer in retaining the corner seat—he witnessed one of those tiny accidental comedies that tickle the risibilities. Next the Spectator sat a young woman. She moved as if to make place for the newcomer, and then changed her mind, remaining where she was. The newcomer had seen the beginning of her motion but not the change of intention, and by only the narrowest margin saved himself from sitting squarely in her lap. The humor of the situation brought a ripple of amusement to their neighbors, and both man and woman giggled with averted faces. This little sympathy of human amusement was like a ray of sunshine breaking the ice of reserve and suspicion in which the urban dweller customarily goes incased.

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But the human panorama on each side once more absorbed attention. The next scene that impressed itself upon the Spectator's mind was as truly idyllic as if it had been a glimpse into Arcadia. Within the cool twilight of the entrance to a great office building stood a young man and maiden, apparently as lost to the world as if all thoughts of commerce were in another sphere. The attitudes, the expressions, were coyly loverlike. But the car passed on, and again were unrolled the moving pictures wherein man and woman, boy and girl, displayed their varying natures. Around a corner came a small boy, evidently sent on some errand, with the incongruous burden of two dainty white parasols, a cargo that brought him supreme delight. With one in each hand, he assumed a mincing air, while a grin of pure comedy conveyed to the Spectator his sense that he was enacting a part and imagining himself a belle possessed not only of the daintiness of one parasol, but the absurd grandeur of two. Then, suddenly, came the poetic touch that snapped into the Spectator's consciousness the scenes underlying the past, for there before him, amid the green of the City Hall Park, stood the straight, proud martyr figure of Nathan Hale. At his feet hung a fading garland marked "Sons of the Revolution." It was as if a great bell had tolled its note of seriousness into the commercial din. At once the crowd, native and foreign, became an exemplification of Liberty, and the Spectator realized that these hurrying, burdened figures, these loaded vehicles, these vast structures of steel and stone, were but the modern forms of that life and liberty and pursuit of happiness for which the lithe, heroic

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young schoolmaster had faced not only death but shame. The disdain carved upon the lips and the brow of the doomed patriot became the scorn of the freeman for the shackles that would enslave his race.

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The Spectator desires to assure his readers that he has not consciously done more than to expand and make plain a few of the changing thoughts that Broadway gave him. It is not possible to put into words the half-realized notions, the suggested flights of fancy, that came with every glance at the human drama of Broadway against its miles of stage-setting. Words can be used to convey only those thoughts that have some logical form. But how shall we set forth the composite impression that comes to a Spectator who has nearly completed his half-century, upon seeing the sign of a Japanese trading-house? Scarcely more notable would be the figure of a plumed Zulu chieftain upon the sidewalk than is this sign to one who bears in mind the strange story of that first American expedition to Japan, and in a single leap of the mind recalls the progress of Nippon, the Sunrise Kingdom, that seems never to have deserved its name until its glories climbed above the horizon in our own times and shone from the East upon an amazed world. All this can be read by the reflective in that little sign, dumbly intimating the presence among our merchants of the Mikado's children.

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Or how can words be pared, pruned, twisted, stretched, to fit or to compass that instant reading of character stamped upon one's mind at the sight of each new human being? At a glance, judgment is made and the verdict passed. One feels the emotion of pity, admiration, hatred, or love—nascent, perhaps, but still strong—and one asks one's self anew how the intertwisted fibers of the brain can respond to, analyze, and record impressions so various, so insistent, so mysterious. The Spectator, dumb before the marvel, can but gaze in wonder at him who dares avow himself materialist. This may serve at least the purpose of showing why it is that the Spectator believes that the mind may derive true recreation and enjoy sufficient stimulation even in a journey the briefest and most unimportant. It is change from the familiar routine that refreshes. There is great pleasure, it is true, in traveling "strange countries for to see;" but even the sights of a city street with which we believe ourselves familiar can suggest more thoughts than the human mind can compass, while in the infinity of outdoor nature there is everlasting and ever-changing food for the soul, though our domain be no greater than a poor acre or two.

# CHRIST'S SECRET OF HAPPINESS

## V.—GETTING IS NOT ALWAYS GAINING

### BY LYMAN ABBOTT

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

THE cynic laughs this statement to scorn. Is it the meek, he says, who have the great fortunes; who possess the boundless estates; who are the multi-millionaires; who are the lords of the earth? Are the coal magnates, the railroad barons, the trust kings, remarkable for their meekness?

Stop a moment, my cynical friend, and re-read Christ's saying. He does not say that the meek shall acquire the earth, but that they shall inherit it. What we acquire comes to us as the result of our endeavor—often of our strenuous endeavor. Not infrequently the greedy and the grasping, the callous and the selfish, the ambitious and the self-assertive, acquire the earth; but they never inherit it. We inherit what comes to us without seeking, without effort, and often without even any expectation on our part. The inheritance is a free gift. The unmeek often get possession of the

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earth, but only the meek inherit it. "Selfish men," says John Woolman, "may *possess* the earth; it is the meek alone who inherit it from the heavenly Father, free from all defilements and unrighteousness."

Have you not met the grasping man on a journey? On the arrival of the train at the station he makes his way to the front, careless of the women and children whom he pushes to one side; he gets the first seat in the hotel omnibus, or is the first to drive away in a cab from the station; he succeeds in putting himself at the head of the waiting line at the hotel desk, not infrequently crowding himself in before meeker and less assertive men; he demands the best room in the hotel and often gets it. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, they have their reward." But I have noticed that this man never enjoys his journey. He is a chronic grumbler. He finds no pleasure and he finds a multitude of faults. He may possess the earth, and he often does, but he never inherits it. He gets, but he does not gain.

Such an experience is symbolic of the larger experience of the journey of life. The eager and the grasping often possess, but they rarely enjoy. An artist who has capacity to appreciate, but not money to buy a single picture, inherits more in the public art gallery than the greedy Philistine who purchases pictures but never really possesses them. John Burroughs, with his few acres on the banks of the Hudson, has really more of the earth than a multi-millionaire who owns hundreds of acres which he has rarely time to visit, and who does not know the difference between a maple and an elm, or between the song of the thrush and the chirp of the English sparrow. Doubtless there are men who both acquire and possess; men who can enjoy the pictures they have purchased and the mountain ranges which they own. But in general it is safe to say that the pleasure of life is in an inverse ratio to the amount of energy expended in the mere processes of acquisition, and this for a very simple reason: the processes of acquisition have absorbed all the time and energy, and neither time nor energy has been left for the processes of self-culture.

Would Jesus, then, discourage effort, paralyze endeavor, forbid the strenuous life, chill ambition and aspiration, make sluggish the blood of enthusiasm? No; he was himself, in the noblest sense of the term, an enthusiast. His life was a strenuous one. Rarely in human history has any individual crowded as much into three years as did he. But his energy was expended in service for others, not in acquisition for himself. His life interprets his teaching. What he seems to me to say is this: Put all your ambition, all your enthusiasm, into the work of service. Make it the aim of your life to leave the world better and happier because you have lived in it, and take without greed or grasping what the world will give you of service in return. It may give you roses or it may give you thorns; it may give you a crown or it may give you a cross; it may hail you as a king or it may crucify you as a malefactor; it may sometimes do the one and it may sometimes do the other; but this does not much matter. What matters is achievement, not acquisition. If you pursue this course, you will inherit the earth. For this spirit finds more joy in poverty than self-seeking finds in wealth; more joy in the cross than self-seeking finds in the coronation. If you possess this spirit, you may get less than your greedy neighbor, but you will gain more. The mind wholly given to the work of service will do better work than the mind divided between the question of service and of acquisition, and in general the better the service the better the compensation, and always the greater the happiness.

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# THE PARLIAMENT OF MAN, THE FEDERATION OF THE WORLD

BY A STAFF CORRESPONDENT

THE Conference this year of the Interparliamentary Union has been the most important in its history.

As if instinctively feeling this, both Nature and Society have smiled—and in London the first does not always smile even if the second generally does.

But in the three days of the Conference the social has well accorded with the physical atmosphere, whether at the Lord Mayor's "conversazione" at the Mansion House, at the luncheon in historic Westminster Hall, in the visit to Windsor, in the Crystal Palace fête, or in the many private gatherings. Particularly was this true of those two occasions when memories of many centuries crowded upon us, at Windsor and in Westminster Hall—think of it, only once before has that eight-hundred-year-old hall smelt of tobacco! Not even the King's raspberries and cream on the lawn at Windsor (what berries and what cream!), and a sight of perhaps the most alluring view in England, looking down across the Thames "flowing softly" as in Spenser's day, could bring us from the fascinated contemplation of a glorious past to a present which the Interparliamentarians would make yet more glorious. The same sense stole over us in the Red King's hall, which has looked upon coronation banquets and royal pageants and Parliament meetings and Warren Hastings's trial, and finally upon the body of the "Grand Old Man" lying in state. Suddenly, after a number of national airs, the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner" go winging into those age-old chestnut rafters. *That* brings us Americans back, and with electric speed, to the present, and, scattered here and there at the Lord Chancellor's table, each American stands up and sings the song with a will. Hungarians, Poles, Finns, all who are struggling for our parliamentary freedom and power, rise gradually too. They come towards us holding out eager arms, pressing about us with warm handshakes, and then clinking glasses with us in many a fervent toast.

The first meeting was held in 1889 in Paris. It was confined to members of the British and French Parliaments, and was a small but ardent group of the friends of conciliation and peace. It was called by the now venerable William Randal Cremer, M.P., then, as now, the Secretary of the International Arbitration League. With several brother members of Parliament, Mr. Cremer had visited both America and France in the attempt to secure treaties of arbitration. The English Nestor of the movement was assisted in Paris in 1889 by one who had been similarly prominent—M. Frédéric Passy, happily still living. M. Passy would have been in attendance at London this year, but, as he telegraphed, "there is, alas! no tunnel under the Channel, the only means of transportation between England and France to appeal to one of my age."

The second meeting took place here in 1890. Members of all the European Parliaments were invited, and most of the Parliaments were represented, French and German legislators meeting for the first time since the war of 1870–1.

The third meeting occurred in Rome in 1891. For it the Italian Government granted the use of the Parliament buildings, a significant step—the first meeting having been held in a small hall in Paris and the second in the Whitehall Rooms here.

All the Conferences since held in Europe have been in the legislative



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chambers of the entertaining country; it is a satisfaction to add that the members have been hospitably treated by each Government.

In 1904, on the occasion of the St. Louis Exposition, the meeting of the Interparliamentary Union was held in America, and last year the Conference took place at Brussels.

This year the meeting was held in the noble Houses of Parliament here. The special entrance for the delegates was in Old Palace Yard, half-way between the great Victoria Tower and the entrance to the House of Lords. Fronting it is the gable of Westminster Hall. At one side are St. Margaret's and Westminster Abbey, and crowding upon it are statues from those of Cœur de Lion and Oliver Cromwell to those of Beaconsfield and Gladstone. Beyond lie the green trees of the Embankment Garden, then the broad river with its impressively rising and falling tide, and around the corner the seductive terrace where you may take your tea in noble company, personal and architectural.

The sessions were held in the Royal Gallery, adjoining the House of Lords, and were presided over by Lord Weardale—better known as Philip Stanhope—who speaks with apparently equal facility in English or French. From the presidential dais he looked down upon several hundred delegates from the parliaments of America, Austria, Belgium, Canada, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Greece, Holland, Hungary, Italy, Mexico, Norway, Portugal, Rumania, Russia, Spain, Servia, Sweden, and Switzerland. Among the leading delegates were Messrs. Richard Bartholdt, Theodore E. Burton, and John Sharp Williams, from our own Congress; M. Auguste Beernaert, ex-Premier of Belgium; Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, a French Senator, and probably the most efficient worker in the Union; Count Albert Apponyi, Hungarian Minister of Education, and perhaps the most eloquent speaker among the delegates.

Among the many excellent addresses delivered at the Conference, however, two stand out with special distinctness—those of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the British Prime Minister, and of Mr. W. J. Bryan, regarded by many as almost sure to be the Democratic candidate at the approaching Presidential election at home. Sir Henry was fitly introduced by Lord Weardale as "the ever-faithful champion of our cause." The Premier's face indicates what he brought to the Convention—a note of human passion. Speaking in the language most common to the delegates and of the startling event announced that day, he said:

> I make no comment on the news which has reached us this morning; this is neither the place nor the moment for that. We have not a sufficient acquaintance with the facts to be in a position to justify or criticise. But this at least we can say, we who base our confidence and our hopes on the parliamentary system: New institutions have often a disturbed if not a stormy youth. The Duma will revive in one form or another. We can say with all sincerity, "The Duma is dead: long live the Duma!"

This red-blooded phrase struck fire into those who, up to that moment, had presumably been thinking of the useful but possibly uninspiring technicalities of the arbitration treaties.

Thereupon Professor Kovalevski, one of the Duma delegates, ascends the tribune. On behalf of his colleagues, he declares that the Duma's object was to end arbitrary and autocratic rule in Russia, substituting therefor a sense of the reality of liberty and justice as manifested by the ideals of peace. But the morning's news showed that the delegates' mission had been rudely brought to an untimely end. Their duty was, therefore, at once to return to their country. Professor Kovalevski steps from the platform. Hosts of hands are held out to him as he tries to make his way back to his colleagues—Rodichev, Aladyin, Svetchin, Vassilliev, Ostrogorski—who, rising, pale, impassive, but determined-looking as well, quit the hall with their chief. One somehow feels that the Russian revolution has really begun.

Mr. Bryan's was also a characteristic utterance in spirit and sentiment, and, forceful in delivery, it affected profoundly all those who heard it, though many had already been well prepared during the ten years which have elapsed since Mr. Stead published his eloquent little pamphlet, "Always Arbi-

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trate Before You Fight." By a strange irony, the Royal Gallery's frescoes, by Maclise, illustrate both the glory to be won in war—the meeting of Wellington and Blücher at Waterloo—and its horrors in the midst of victory—the death of Nelson and others at Trafalgar. Pointing to the latter fresco, Mr. Bryan called attention to the fact that war brought out great characteristics, that it gave opportunity for the display of great patriotism, and that the example of men who had given their lives to their country was an inspiring thing. But he ventured to say that there was as much inspiration in a noble life as there was in a heroic death, and he hoped that one of the effects of that Union would be to bring to the people of the world the idea that a life lived for the public, overflowing like a spring with good, had an influence on the human race and the human destiny as great as any death on the battlefield. In his humble judgment, the sixty four years of spotless public service of William Ewart Gladstone would, in the years to come, be considered as rich an ornament to his nation's history as the life of any man who had poured his blood out upon the battlefield. If peace was to come in this world, it would come because people more and more clearly recognized the indissoluble tie that bound every human being to every other human being; and if peace was to be built, it would have to be upon the foundation of the brotherhood of men. Was it too much to hope that they in that assembly might contribute to hasten the day when they should feel, as individuals and as members of the Union, appalled at the taking of any human life, and strive to raise all questions to the level of settlement by reason and not by force?

Consideration of the resolutions offered by Messrs. Bartholdt and Williams, of our own delegation, was deferred for a year. The first would have the Interparliamentary Union form the lower house of which the Hague Conference should form the upper house of an International Parliament—an inspiring proposal which elicited the support of a very strong minority. But a bare majority, while regarding such a consummation as one devoutly to be desired, was not quite ready to uphold its method, feeling in like manner regarding Mr. Williams's excellent scheme, which would have given to the present International Tribunal at The Hague a needful dignity, stability, and permanence, which, as he maintains, alone can grow out of the sense of independence and the habit of mutual and constant co-operation among its members in the line of work for the accomplishment of which the Court has been by treaty created. Mr. Williams therefore proposed that the approaching Hague International Conference be strongly urged to recommend to the nations represented there:

(1) That members of the Court shall each receive the uniform salary of $15,000, to be paid to each by an appropriation made by the Government appointing him.

(2) That no member of the Court shall be permitted to act as legal counselor or adviser of any nation in any controversy submitted for arbitration to any tribunal of the Court or pending before any commission of inquiry thereof, nor shall any member of the Court, during his term of office as such, hold any office of profit or honor under or receive any emolument from any Government, save only his salary as a member of the Court.

(3) That each nation signatory to the treaty establishing the Court and having a member thereof shall appropriate to the Court's treasury, each nation having a population of less than 10,000,000, the yearly sum of $1,000; each nation having a population of more than 10,000,000 but less than 20,000,000, $2,000, and each nation having a population of more than 20,000,000, $5,000—the fund to be used to defray the expenses of a treasurer, clerk, marshal, etc.

(4) That the members of the Hague Court shall systematize and codify the principles of international law.

Instead of these more radical but justified provisions, the net results of this year's meeting may be summed up in the following resolutions, in which the influence of our delegates is plainly seen. The resolutions were agreed upon with inspiring unanimity:

That it would be advantageous to give the Hague Conferences a more permanent in-

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fluence in the work of pacification, and that the Powers should agree in establishing the periodical meeting of these Conferences.

That the Powers, when appointing their representatives to the second Hague Conference, could usefully include in their instructions the duty of endeavoring to find the means of constituting a permanent consultative council intrusted with preparing the codification and development of International Law.

The Interparliamentary Conference is of the opinion that the choice of a new locale of the Interparliamentary Union could be left to the initiative of the members of the next Interparliamentary Conference.

If a disagreement should arise between the contracting parties which is not one to be submitted to arbitration, they shall not resort to any act of hostility before they separately, or jointly, invite, as the case may necessitate, the formation of an international commission of inquiry or the mediation of one or more friendly Powers. This requisition will take place, if necessary, according to Article VIII. of the Hague Convention for the peaceful settlement of international conflicts.

The Interparliamentary Union also expresses the view that the Hague Conference, in their second session, should—

I. By treaty define contraband of war, as being restricted to arms, munitions of war, and explosives.

II. Reassert and confirm the principle that neither the ship carrying contraband of war nor other goods on board such ship not being contraband of war, may be destroyed.

III. Affirm that, even between belligerents, private property should be immune at sea as it is upon land.

The Conference, regarding the arrest of armaments as a subject of supreme importance, and seeing that all civilized countries now deplore the rivalry in armaments, and that the people everywhere desire to stop this folly, and relieve industry from the financial burdens entailed by excessive armaments, earnestly hopes that the forthcoming Conference at The Hague will, immediately on its assembling, take the subject into consideration, and invite the nations to halt, and then agree upon a mutual limitation of armaments.

Concerning the last-named subject, Baron d'Estournelles de Constant presented a report. He stated that it was to the interest of France, as of all other countries, to limit the unproductive expenditures which ruined it. This limitation had nothing in common with the chimera of disarmament; it would not enfeeble but would fortify in all countries the national defense. Moreover, all nations had an interest in this limitation, and almost all Governments had proclaimed that interest—Russia first in 1896, England in 1899 and again in 1903 and 1906, Italy in June last, and France. Against the reduction of naval and military expenditure arguments were drawn from the United States, despite the declaration of Mr. Bonaparte and the message of President Roosevelt. It was forgotten that those augmentations had been imposed upon the United States by the unfortunate example of Europe, and that, proportionate to their extent and population, the United States had not increased their forces unnecessarily. But those augmentations should be invoked in support of the proposition for limitation, not against it, and it had been proved that the United States had no interest in making an abnormal effort to follow the disastrous course of Europe. Germany committed a grave mistake in seeking to struggle with the United States for a greater or equally great navy. It thus divided its energies both on land and sea, uselessly redoubling its efforts, because the American States united would be more and more inaccessible, while those of Europe, divided, would be always menaced with the possibility of a coalition. Thus Germany exhausted herself, her militarism excited apprehensions abroad and discontent at home, whereas a policy of conciliation and limitation would render her master of her resources and strong in the friendship of other nations, thanks to mutual concessions. If the Powers did not decide among themselves to act for their common interest, they would be forced to it, first by bankruptcy and then by revolution. Let them hasten, then, to designate in each of their countries a committee of inquiry upon the question, and later the most active of the members of each of the committees would be sent to The Hague to take part in the International Commission.

Pending the meeting of that Commission a confident serenity is the result of this year's Interparliamentary Union Conference. Its delegates await with a confidence more justified than ever the time when neither governments nor peoples shall resort to arms before having made a supreme appeal to conciliation and international justice.

E. F. B.

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# THE FOREIGN-BORN AMERICAN

BY JANE E. ROBBINS, M.D.

ONE windy March day a little East Side Russian boy looked up at the green flag floating over a public building and asked, "Are the Irish the *real* Americans?"

No one seems able to decide who the real American is, but we have faith to believe that he came in the Mayflower and that he is even now crossing the ocean.

In thinking of the present situation we must remember that such a migration of peoples has never before been seen. Going back in the history of our country to the year 1820, we find that there were about 10,000,000 people here, and if our grandfathers had looked about for new arrivals they would have found only one person in a thousand who had just landed, while to-day, with a population of 80,000,000, one person in every hundred has come off the steamer within a year.

"What shall we do?" comes as a cry from every public-spirited citizen. One answer is ready at hand: Let us see what we can accomplish by taking the idea of popular education which we invented and taught to Europe, and pushing this idea to its utmost development.

The newcomers bring with them a rich variety of gifts. Some one has said that the greatest country will be the one containing the greatest possible differences compatible with unity. The public school helps to give this unity. A teacher of a special class of immigrant boys says that she keeps a Spanish boy in the back of the room and the Italians in the front, but if they meet at the blackboard there is trouble at once; and the Germans and the Poles are also continually spoiling for a fight. But in a few months the school and the social environment will have made over all these children into Americans.

Indeed, one of the special dangers of the present moment is that we may rush a superficial Americanizing process so fast that much of value may be lost. The children in their eagerness try to shake off the traditions of their fathers before they are at all ready to take to heart the traditions of the Land of the Pilgrim's Pride. Traditions do not spring up in a day, and we must encourage those who are now coming to America to bring with them all the ideals of their fatherland, and to hold their children to them against all the "streetiness" and the cheap Americanism that so overwhelm children of the first generation in our large cities.

Despising one's forefathers is not a strong foundation on which to build up good citizenship, and the boy who says with flashing eyes that Ziska was the George Washington of Bohemia has a good deal better chance of understanding what George Washington really stood for than his schoolmate whose conceptions include nothing broader than a flashy, pretentious Americanism. A little East Side German girl who said to a helpless German grocer-boy, "Talk United States; I can't understand you," felt that by pretending not to understand German she was laying claim to some kind of superiority.

The little Russian Jew children are sensitive to every poetic conception, and their speech abounds in quaint expressions which give variety to our commonplace conversation. "When I heard that you were sick," whispered a solemn small child, "it was like a piece out of my own flesh." A small boy devoted to Kipling's "Jungle Book" and interested in everything that creeps or flies said to a caterpillar crawling across a country road, "I would not hurt you for ten dollars; we be of one blood, my brother."

As an inheritance from the ages the East Side children have minds which answer back at once to every spiritual appeal. In the College Settlement Kindergarten children often ask to sing "the little Jewish song." A little girl one day volunteered to sing this song, and it was found that the other children knew it.

"God in his judgment is just;
You must never say God is evil:
God knows what he does,
And for nothing he does not condemn.
God in his judgment is just."



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In speaking of the cup of wine placed outside the door at the feast of the Passover, a child explained that not a drop was spilled, and so she knew that the angel had not been there. "He does not come to our house," she said, "because my stepfather is not earnest and does not care for God."

We need to be earnest and to care for God if we are to be able to help these Eastern people driven out of Russia by cruel persecution, as they try to take up the threads of life again in our bewildering cities.

The tragedy in many homes is that the parents are Russian and the children are New Yorkers. I knew one family where the modern ideal of the American children so appalled the parents that a married daughter, who came later from Russia, was not allowed to stay over night in New York, but was hurried out of town in the hope that in a small, remote community she might not learn the new ways.

Zangwill's stories are true of Houston Street as well as of East London. Cahan and Bruno Lessing help us to understand the great difficulties against which the people of the Ghetto struggle. Here and there a clear-eyed child catches, as through a rift in the cloud, a glimpse of the beauty lying back of the squalid life of poverty. One such girl, a student in the Normal College, told me that when the time came, as it usually does after about ten years in this country, for the family to move into a better neighborhood, she was very unwilling to go. She had known such kindness and such real goodness among the poor that she loved the crowded streets for the sake of the good men and women that she had known. No matter how strange the bearded men of the East Side may look to us, we must not forget that many of them care for righteousness and are struggling in order that their children may grow up wise, honest, and good.

From southeastern Europe come also great numbers of people of Slavic ancestry. In New York the colony of Bohemian cigarmakers on the East Side near Seventieth Street represents this Slavic immigration. In the four years that I made my home among them I came to appreciate their sterling qualities. They are poor, but they are patient and hard-working, and their children are often talented. The little girls of twelve are eager to learn all the housewifely arts, and at the same time they respond quickly to music and literature. The Bohemians are not, as a rule, illiterate. At a reception given to Kubelik by representative Slavic people, the intelligence of the company compared most favorably with that of an ordinary New York gathering. One young college woman was just back from abroad, where she had been studying in Russia and Austria the links that are binding together Europe and America. The family life among the Bohemians is a very close one, and one finds among the boys a marked readiness to take housekeeping duties from the overburdened shoulders of their mothers.

The Bohemians, both men and women, have shown decided ability in co-operating for their mutual benefit. They pull together well, and their organizations are very strong.

When I find Slavic people in any town and ask the doctor and the judge about them, I receive hopeful answers to my questions. They need an educated class to guide them and to speak for them, and this they will soon have, as their young people are already beginning to enter our colleges.

From South Italy we receive about 200,000 newcomers a year. We see them everywhere, strong, shining-eyed young men who build our subways and our reservoirs. Many of them plan to go back to their own beautiful blue skies, but many stay here, and the ones most devoted to the memory of the old home make the best Americans. They have good minds in spite of the appalling ignorance which is their inheritance from years of foreign oppression, and their children will readily take an education, if we make it to fit. Their ancestors have made every kind of beautiful thing, from the fine cutlery of remote Campobasso to the laces the women still make in the small villages. A truant school found that handiwork turned the police court boys into enthusiastic devotees of education. If one's

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fingers itch for tools, it is a hard fate which gives one only books. From one of the immigrant families, so poor that the question of deportation was considered, have come two skillful decorators who do beautiful work.

The Italians are specially ready to look up to any superiority of education or character, and they are in this respect adapted to living in a country where the aristocracy of character is the only possible one. For any act of kindness the Italian shows a deep appreciation. With only a few words of English at command, an Italian woman in the dispensary will manage somehow to say "Thank you" to the doctor. "God like you," said one woman, and another said to a woman physician, "You nica girla."

In a city on Long Island the region occupied by the Italians is called the Happy Valley. A working-girl who lived near by said of them, "They work hard, and save their money, and buy their own homes. They beat the rest of us." An Italian-born American has said: "When the blood of the people which produced Raphael and Michelangelo, which knew how to lay the foundation of St. Peter's, shall flow in the veins of the American people of the future generations, this people, with the purity of life and religious ideals of the Pilgrims, with the tenacity of the Germans, with the commercial ability of the Jews, with the artistic sense of the Italians, will be ready to realize in the world the human and divine ideals for which God has prepared it through centuries of work, hope, and struggle."

"For lo, she cometh now,
Liberty's latest daughter!
Fused in her candid light
To one strong race, all races here unite;
Tongues melt in hers, hereditary foemen
Forget their sword and slogan, kith and clan.
'Twas glory once to be a Roman;
She makes it glory now to be a man."

# THE COUNTRY CHURCH AND ITS SOCIAL PROBLEM

*A SUMMARY OF INFERENCES FROM AN INVESTIGATION MADE BY THE AUTHOR UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTION AT WASHINGTON, DEPARTMENT OF ECONOMICS AND SOCIOLOGY*

BY GEORGE FREDERICK WELLS

COUNTRY churches have a social problem, like other churches of our time. This problem expresses itself in the widespread divorcement of the people from the church and religious influences. Without exception the fifty churches of eleven denominations in one New England State which I have intensively studied indicate that indifference to the church is the great difficulty. Less than one-half of the people of that State are ever at church, and in some communities less than one-fourth are said to be either adherents or attendants.

At the center of the cause of the social problem of the rural church is the loss of faith on the part of the people, not in the doctrines or theology of the church primarily, but in the *life* of the church. The church fails through lack of integrity to its Christian profession and moral mission as expressed in personal honor, brotherhood, and essential charity.

The difficulty of adjustment to the changed forms and ideals of the times is the occasion if not the origin of the modern social problem of the country church. The exodus of population and wealth from some communities has left the church incapable of self-support, while in other communities the displacement of the old adherents and helpers of the churches by the lower class of unchurched foreigners has had a similar result, with the addition of the necessity of positive missionary effort. The church's social problem may be as

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great as anywhere in towns of rapidly increasing population.

The effect of the labor question upon the church in the country has been direct and perhaps as great as that of any other single influence in estranging the rural people from the church. In the transition from the parish ideal of society to the organized industrial ideal, the wage class and capital class have been created. The church, in country as well as in town, by taking sides with one class has separated itself from the other. This condition of taking sides prevails more or less in every church consulted. Each individual church in a community which has more than one social grade is invariably characterized as being the church of a particular strata or grade, or else the clash between the different classes in the same churches results in the quarrels so prolific of the self-destruction of small churches.

The natural reaction from the cold, stern, and rigid Calvinistic and Puritanic orthodoxy in the liberal movement in theology has tended to bring the church from the status of a religious body with fellowship in a common theology to the status of a social club with fellowship in a common sociology. The consequence has been the loss of effective moral restraint and personal regenerating dynamic, and thus the social problem of the church has been enhanced. The social difficulty with the liberal movement in theology apparently has been that it has carried a good thing, its mission of socializing the great denominations, too far, until the integrity of what might have been the best thing in the original aim is gone and the Source of moral and social power has been denied.

The alarming decay of home religion, as well as the decay of the home itself, indicated by the excessive number of divorce cases, marriages forced under disgraceful circumstances, childless homes and small families even among church people, the compulsion of the church to perform the normal religious functions of the home—if they are performed at all—and, in urban or semi-urban places, the detrimental influence upon the home of excessive club life and the craze for fascinating amusements, show that the social problem and peril of both home and church are somewhat coincident.

The relation of the fraternal orders to the church is little short of paradoxical. The fraternal orders pay a high tribute to the church in that their central idea, that of brotherhood and charity, is taken directly from the Christianity of the church. When the lodge is taken as a substitute for the church, as is often the case, society suffers a cheapening process. A large majority of the stronger clergymen in the towns are not members of fraternal orders, they apparently being "called but not chosen." The lower class of the rural clergy are not in the fraternal orders, as a rule, seemingly because they are not wanted; but the intermediate grade of ministers are usually also fraternity men. The lodges in some cases seem to hinder the moral and spiritual mission of the church, while in other cases they are the handmaidens of the church in that they do a work that the church fails to do. The large majority of testimonies to me indicate that if the church were doing her full spiritual and social duty there would be no place for the fraternal orders. The conditions in a few communities, at least, show, however, that there is a place for both churches and lodges when there is normal co-membership and co-operation, and each is willing to stay in its own field. The Roman Catholic fraternal orders should be classed with the institutional methods of church work because they are so closely connected with the church. They are a confession that the Catholic Church has a social problem. The fraternal orders may be called an evolutionary product, indicating in some cases that Christianity is doing a work outside of her formal organization, while in others they are a thermometer of the social problem of the church.

A leading factor of the problem of the country church is the social problem of the country ministry. This corresponds to the minister's rusting out rather than wearing out, to his stagnation with isolation, and consists in his being more influenced by his parish than able to positively react upon his parish. His failure is that in leadership. Of 37 ministers studied, 17 of them being

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town clergymen and the rest in rural communities, 16 are apparently lacking in efficiency because of laziness or something akin to it, 16 show lack of educational preparation, 18 show lack of personal breadth and social adaptability; 20 only were college-educated, 12 have both college and theological seminary education complete; 16 have definite specialties in study and work, and only 13 have any marked evangelistic tendencies.

The problem concerning the ministry is very severe touching insufficiency in numbers. This is partly so because the numerous sects hinder the best distribution of churches and preachers, and various causes make the most natural working of the law of supply and demand in the placing of clergymen impossible. There appears to be an increasing deficiency in the supply of efficient clergymen. Perhaps the most pathetic and deplorable phase of the entire social problem of the rural church lies in the fact that the country clergymen themselves as a class do not understand the problem of their churches as *social* and capable of solution. The social problem of the church is the ethical and religious problem of society, and a religious life made sufficiently deep and real in spiritual content and wide in social scope leaves no place for failure or pessimism.

There are too many churches in some communities. In its adaptation to particular creeds, or even to the types of personality and of religious experience, and to social and intellectual grades, the church has gone too far. The local competition of sect with sect, until, by the addition of "drawing" features, the church loses its vision of Christ and becomes a social club, and the unnecessary expense of from two to five churches and pastors where fewer would do as well, until, for a more real and less expensive brotherhood, the men are driven from the churches to the fraternal orders, have reflected upon the Christianity of the church. Here, again, is a direct cause for the social problem of the church. The movement for a united church and Christianity in the territory investigated —which, concerning federation, was the entire State—proceeds more in response to imperative needs than from the work of a definite organization. It advances in two ways. First, in response to the Christ ideal of increasing life and efficiency by union and federation, which has resulted in three strong unions and two strong federations, three very advantageous unions and two experimental federations, ten in all, which prove that such efforts are entirely practicable when needed. And, second, there are unions and federations under absolute economic necessity in order to maintain any worship at all, of which I have studied fifteen examples, five of which have failed. The federation of churches, and of unions where possible, though there are limitations to this kind of effort, is absolutely necessary in some places in the solution of the church's social problem.

Institutionalism, though it has some dangers, is not so much a problem in itself as an attempt to solve the social problem of the church. The fifty churches under consideration have thirty-four ladies' aid societies, nine ladies' missionary societies, nine children's organizations, six boys' clubs, six girls' clubs or societies, seven Sunday-school auxiliaries, and seven other examples of institutional forms of work, making seventy-eight in all, each of which was carefully studied. One country church was found to have seven successful organizations of institutional work, and yet it was not called an institutional church. The dangers of institutional methods in country churches are the secularization of the church by the excessive development of the social club idea, the robbing of the home of its normal religious functions, the clogging of the natural channels of church finance by commercialism or social methods of raising money, and the cheapening of the church by a substitution of social for religious service. But the benefits of such social activities of the church as were examined, especially the more positive forms of definite effort with a spiritual end in view, were, as a rule, so great as entirely to eclipse the dangers. Given a church with adequate ministerial leadership and a certain nucleus of spiritual life, and institutional and other social enterprises are the very glory of the church in the solution of its social problem.

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# *A NEW PHASE OF INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION*

## *THE SCHOOL*

*BY ISABEL C. BARROWS*

"YOUR master has been killed; you are to take his two horses home." The time was during the Civil War. The place was Rome, Georgia. The person addressed was a bright-eyed boy in his teens. He was colored, but one could hardly call him negro. The blood of his white master-father flowed in a swift current through his veins, mingled with a portion of Indian, of the stately Cherokee tribe, and the rest was from an African source. The combination gave to the world a boy intelligent, active, industrious, gentle, honest, kind.

The slave-lad obeyed. He took the horses of his dead master two hundred miles 'cross country, and delivered them safely to his mistress. Then he heard mysterious whispers that the slaves were free, that no man might henceforth own another, and he exulted in his freedom. One year more only would he serve, just long enough to get a start in life.

The boy hired himself out to a Southern white man for ten dollars a month. At the end of the year he had a hundred dollars in his own name. He bought land, a part of the very plantation on which as a slave he had pined for freedom. It was now owned by a white man who proved a good friend to him, waiting patiently for payments, and helping the boy to earn the money towards them. Mules were bought, a cabin put up. A bright colored girl, the first to teach in that part of the South, appeared for the little cabin school. They met and loved. By and by they were married, and children came to bless them.

To horses and mules were added a threshing-machine, a store, a cotton-gin, a saw and grist mill, and the man grew prosperous, because with the years his native qualities of intelligence, industry, honesty, kindness, had but strengthened. He was respected by blacks and whites alike.

One day a Northern white man called at the cabin of this prosperous negro to show him some beehives. The white visitor was attracted by a miniature threshing-machine, worked by the power of the treadles and wheels of the good mother's sewing-machine.

"Who made this?" he asked in surprise. A sunny-faced boy of ten whose feet came only half-way to the floor as he sat on the rough bench was pointed out.

"Well, a boy who can do a thing like that ought to have an education," said the stranger.

So the son was sent out into the world to learn what books could teach him. He did not go to learn to *do* things, for since he was so small a shaver that he had to stand on a box to reach the throttle he had run his father's engine. He could take the cotton-gin apart and put it together again. He could saw lumber and grind corn. He could pick cotton and handle mules.

Three years at Nashville in Fisk, preparing for Howard, and three years in Washington at Howard University fitting for his life-work, followed, and at twenty-one the boy returned to Alabama to work side by side with his father, whose good qualities he had inherited, along with some others from his beloved mother, who soon passed away with blessings for him on her lips.

There was no thought of much but business in those days, and a store with the first glass show-case ever seen in that neighborhood was fitted up for the college-bred young man. But jealous hands applied a match, and in less time than it takes to tell it the four thousand dollars expended in building and stock went up in smoke. There was no redress, for at that time it was impossible



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to insure buildings and property owned by colored people.

About nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand white fellows of one-and-twenty would have kicked the Alabama dust from off their feet and gone to the city to look for better luck. Not so this boy. "Father, our lot is cast here, and here we must stay; but if we are going to have any success and any happiness, we have got to educate our people to be a useful and self-helpful community. It is of little use to send a boy or girl away to get schooling. We must have a school here. We must have industries here. We must turn this splendid hardwood forest into furniture and farm wagons and agricultural implements. We must tap these great pines and make rosin and turpentine. We must make our own cottonseed oil and fertilizers. We must build our own *homes*, not dark one-room cabins; and as we clear the land we must raise not only the fine cotton that these uplands yield in such perfection, but we must raise all sorts of other things. We must make ourselves so necessary to our few white neighbors that there will be only kindly feelings between us, and by and by we shall find that we have a community where we may dwell in safety and happiness."

"Dreamer!" said the practical father. "You can easily support yourself and look out for yourself. Let others do the same."

Yes, he was a dreamer. The weight of the world seemed to hang on his young heart. He kept on dreaming, and at last he dreamed of a way to make actual the vision. He secured a former classmate to revive the cabin school where he had studied as a boy. He called together the simple folk of his neighborhood. They gathered on the hillside and pledged themselves to stand by the dreamer, after they had heard the dream. And the father was converted to the wise plans of the son, and gave the first ten acres for the new school. He sawed the logs which the men hauled. The willing hands of colored neighbors toiled at the erection of the first structure. The dreamer was also a singer, with one of those rare voices that easily wile pennies from pockets. He trained a club of farm boys, and they sang in the neighboring towns and earned enough for windows, doors, and nails, and the two-story-and-a-half school-house stood fairly complete before a penny had been asked from Northern friends.

The years have passed, eight of them, since its doors were opened. To-day two hundred and seventy boys and girls from the immediate neighborhood are enrolled, and eleven teachers give the academic, manual training, and agricultural instruction. The children learn to read and write and cipher, to sew and cook, to do laundry work, to work in the garden, and care for stock and fowls. They can the delicious blackberries by the hundred quarts, as well as peaches and other fruit. They make syrup of cane, and raise all sorts of "garden truck" whose existence was unknown there ten years ago.

It is a real country school, for in the large enrollment but six have ever known city life. As every community has some children robbed of father or mother, or both, or homes that are not homes, so in this beautiful bit of the Black Belt there are such boys and girls, and a few of them find residence with the teachers, where they have such congenial surroundings as they have never dreamed of before. This gives a nucleus of steady labor for the things that must be done, like the care of the living creatures and the garden work of the school, which could not be intrusted to the day scholars alone. These pay for their board, or work it out, as the case may be. This method also allows some of those who live too far away, but who still belong to the community, to be constant in attendance, as they could not be if they had to walk six or eight miles a day for their schooling.

Thus far the realization of the dream was a success, but more was needed. It was not enough to teach the boys and girls various industries unless there were to be a chance for them to use their knowledge in the home community. This is absolutely necessary, because Kowaliga is sixteen miles from the railroad and cannot depend upon the city to furnish industrial pursuits for its people. So an entirely independent undertaking,

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the Dixie Industrial Company, was organized for the purpose of developing the natural resources of the section of country between the rivers that border that part of Elmore County. The experiment was to be tried to see whether such an organization could be made to accomplish what its founder desired. A few public-spirited white men of New York took stock in it, and thus far success has met the hopeful and far-seeing worker. So great, indeed, is the success, that if the school could be endowed and the endowment invested in the stock of the company, the school would need to ask no favors. The turpentine industry alone yielded last year enough profit to cover the entire running expenses of the school. Unhappily, the school is not the recipient of these profits. This development of the resources of that part of the Black Belt must not be taken from the hands of the colored people. White hands enough are ready to clutch the opportunity, but they would leave the black people worse than they found them, materially and morally. As it is, the Dixie Company is giving employment to men and women whose children will be educated in the school and will succeed them in industrial life. The community is rising together—slowly, unevenly, with here a halt and there a backslider—but, on the whole, the natural growth of Kowaliga is upward. It has followed in the steps of the little slave who honestly led home his master's horses. It is following in the steps of his son. The father achieved personal success. The son's ideal is to achieve the success of the community, and under his leadership the negro community of Kowaliga is working out its own industrial, intellectual, and moral salvation.

## THE COMPANY

### BY C. H. KELSEY

*President of the Title Guarantee and Trust Company, New York*

MR. WILLIAM E. BENSON, of the Kowaliga School, came into my office some eight years ago without any introduction excepting a general one. He talked to me about his school, and made such an impression on me by his frankness, his modesty, his disinterestedness and unselfishness, his manifest ability and sound judgment, that I became much interested in him and his work, and have followed him carefully and helped him ever since. Time has only increased my confidence in him and my admiration for his wisdom and character. As the school struggled along and as others like it multiplied by the score and their agents filled the North asking for support, he insisted that the system would break down and that the great negro problem could not be solved by making ever-increasing demands upon the charity and patriotism of the rest of the country. He urged that the colored communities must be helped to self-support and prosperity, so that they could pay for their own schooling, and conceived the plan of putting his own community on its feet and demonstrating that there was a better way than looking forward to ever greater help from outside as the requirements of the school grew greater.

About five years ago he came North, with a proposition to buy about six thousand acres of magnificent timber and farming land surrounding Kowaliga, organize an industrial corporation with substantial capital, build cheap farmhouses, establish small mills, sell on easy terms or lease small farms, teach profitable farming and sensible lumbering, develop the turpentine industry, and generally furnish work through the winter for a population that otherwise would be idle, or worse. A number of us helped him organize his company, buy his land, and commence the development. At first $20,000 was raised, of which $10,000 was furnished by his father and others at home. Subsequently he secured $10,000 more for additional land and improvements, and six months ago he bought sixteen hundred acres of turpentine forest to round out his plan-

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tation, now comprising nine thousand acres, and secured $20,000 additional stock subscriptions, so that the capital of his company now paid in is $50,000. Its primary object is not to make money, and those of us who subscribed were prepared to lose our money, but now do not expect to, and it looks as if it might be another case of wise philanthropy at five per cent. or better. The campaign has not been an easy one.

There have been many difficulties, and it was a long time before the receipts exceeded the expenses, but last year the first full crop of turpentine was harvested, and this hereafter will yield sufficient to pay a good dividend on the stock or to put into other development. The aid of the United States Department of Forestry was sought in establishing the turpentine industry, and the most approved methods employed. I believe that in the next ten years this industry alone will pay back the total investment of the company, leaving the timber as valuable for lumber as ever. After the lumber is used, the land has been proved admirable for peach and cotton growing. The company's property is worth to-day nearly twice what it cost and is carried at on the company's books. It owns a sawmill, a shingle-mill, a turpentine still, two stores, fifteen modern farm-houses, twenty-five old ones bought with the land, about one hundred head of live stock, and a splendid equipment of tools and modern farming appliances. It leases about forty small farms to farmers and helps them by fair lending to avoid the exactions and oppressions of the old system of mortgaging crops.

The business management of the company is careful and able. Mr. Benson inherits the business ability and sound judgment of his father, who from slavery and nothing has made himself the richest man in his county, winning at the same time the respect and confidence of his white and black neighbors alike. He backs his son in all his plans, and there is no more admirable trait in father and son alike than the turning of the latter from his great opportunity for money-making to a devoted effort to bring up the community in which he was born to a higher plane of intelligence, comfort, and character. The accounts of the company and the school are audited every year by a certified public accountant from New York, Mr. Daniel Cranford Smith, who performs the same duty at Tuskegee and other similar schools. A report is published annually, and the directors of the company at the North are consulted by Mr. Benson and take an active interest in the company's work. In my judgment, its usefulness is limited only by the amount of capital that can be secured to extend its work.

It is a very slow job to bring up a whole community from abject poverty. The company had to use so much of its capital to secure its splendid tract of land that it has not had capital enough to build houses and mills as fast as it should. It ought to build a cottonseed-oil mill at once; it ought to build twenty or thirty more farm-houses. It still owes $10,000 on its land. If it could have $50,000 more capital, it could save years of time in seeing its plans successful and its community established as it ought to be. But whether it gets this capital at once and progresses rapidly, or whether it does not and has to go more slowly, I am certain that the plan will succeed and that in a few years, or, if need be, after many years, we shall see about Kowaliga a complete exhibit of what a colored community ought to be, and can be made to be, by wise guidance and support and by establishing everywhere in it the principle of self-help.

Meantime Mr. Benson is not neglecting the school, but, as its executive secretary, is keeping up its organization and directing its development. It has a head master, who devotes much of his time to raising the money for its support, and a principal, who is devoted wholly to managing the school work, both academic and industrial. The school had an enrollment this year of 279 scholars. That the school may not have to await, for independent support, the slow process of the elevation of the community to the capacity of giving that support (the evidences of the coming of which are already appearing in the shape of increased tuition fees paid by the scholars), Mr. Benson is anxious to get an endow-

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ment for the school. Some of the stockholders of the Dixie Industrial Company have already turned over their stock to the school to start its endowment fund, and others will do so. If additional friends could be found interested enough to subscribe the additional $50,000 required for the proper development of the Dixie Industrial Company and at the same time generous enough to turn over the stock to the school for its endowment fund, they could do a double service and hasten from both ends the time when one successful school at least would not have to depend for its support more and more as its work grew upon persistent seeking of contributions from the prosperous and generous.

# A QUESTION

## BY JOHN SMITH

I HAVE a question to ask, and I wish to ask it in The Outlook. If I do, I think it may reach the eyes of some one who can answer it. I cannot.

My name is John Smith. I am a hard-working, busy lawyer. A while ago my best friend died, and left nothing except the record of being one of the noblest and purest of men and gentlemen. That is a small asset in these days. His boy came out of the high school, number one in his class. He wanted to go to X— University, but he hadn't any money, and he had been brought up by a father who did not take kindly to charity funds, students' aids, etc. The boy didn't take to them either. Now, I am a ninth lineal descendant from the Mayflower, and my Puritan blood has given me what is popularly known as the "college taint." I am fifty years old, and I think—that is, I have always thought I thought—that the best thing in the world for a young fellow is what we used to call a "college course." So I sent for the boy, and said, "I am going to put you through X— University. No charity about it, you understand; I just adopt you for my own boy for the time. Don't fool with any Auxiliary funds. Put your time into good, solid work. Get the benefit of the new plan that is being tried just now and go through 'four years in three.' Of course, if you get an honorary scholarship, the earned result of your work, I shall be proud of you. I shall be so of my own son if he does the same when he comes along in a few years." Then I went down to the University and saw the Dean and a nice old professor, and told them about the boy. When I said he did not want any aid fund, the professor said, "I shall be interested in that boy—I haven't seen one in years that wouldn't take any cash he could get out of a college on any terms."

The boy went. A friend's son, to help him to a good position, told him the accepted motto about marks. "A is the mark of a greasy grind who succeeds. B is the mark of a greasy grind who fails. C is the mark of a gentleman." At the end of the first year, if you will believe it, the boy—the son of a gentleman—was only two kinds of a greasy grind, all A's and B's on his papers. Then an official told him, in response to his inquiry, that he was of scholarship rank and gave him an application blank. He brought it to me and we put it into the fire. We thought it was an insult.

"Have you a mother living?"

"What is her income?"

"From what is it derived?" etc., etc.

Questions quite proper to be addressed to a boy trying for an Auxiliary fund on which to enter college, or for a boy trying to "do" the college out of funds, but this blank was the earned reward of A's and B's sent to an independent, high-spirited, hard-working boy, who never was and never meant to be pecuniarily a beneficiary of the college.

In that summer vacation the boy brought me a letter from an adviser—a paid functionary of the University. I wish I had kept it. I would get The Outlook to publish it, and stand the damages myself if there were a libel suit. It was written on vulgar, cheap paper.

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It contained three errors—one in rhetoric, one in grammar, and one in spelling. The advice contained in the letter was that the boy's general culture would be wider if he stayed at the University four years instead of making the new experiment of the three! I state this fact on my honor as a gentleman. We still held to the three-year plan. I am old-fashioned. I took my two degrees from a country college, and thirty years ago we spelled well, sat on the fence, and prated not of culture.

As the end of the three years approached, I took occasion to run down to what I still profanely call "the college" to see the boy and to talk about his future, to find out what he meant to do in the world. I discovered that even in three years general culture had become very attractive, and that many kinds of work did not appeal to him; yet to work he must, of course, go. I found that he had really done something scholastically quite extraordinary, and would end the course "four years in three" with high honors—mind, I say *high* honors. I said to him: "Go to the instructors and teachers under whom you have worked for three years and ask them for written testimonials. They will help you to get a place. You seem to have been a fairly good fellow. You haven't dissipated nor loafed nor taken to drink. You have been a member of a creditable number of things. Your father would like all that, and your college standing really makes me feel big myself." Think what an old fool I am, when he had not "made" either the crew or the football team! He replied, "Of course I want to do anything you ask, but as to the professors and instructors, I don't know any of them." I thought the boy was overworked, and that his mind was giving out. I said, "Of course you don't know the president—he never speaks to students; they are not in his set—*I mean your teachers*, the men you have worked with." And still the little man replied: "I don't know one of them, and not one of them knows me. There is not an instructor or a professor in the college to whom I should think of going. I don't think there is one who would know me if I did."

Three years fairly well spent as far as book-learning went, and not one single bond of human contact, except the sapient advice as to general culture. Since then I have asked other people—"Can this be true?" They all reply, "Yes, of course."

A college recitation-room; a tongue at one end and a pencil at the other; a pair of eyes that look over marks and return the record of the pencil; contact with fellow-students; an academic atmosphere; and, "facile princeps," athletics—that is a college education nowadays. Is it? Is it, really? Then, in the name of all the gods at once, let me apologize to Mr. Schwab. When he told the working boys of New York that work was better than college, I said, in the sweetly familiar words of Ulysses to Thersites, "Thou babbling fool, be still." Now I say—"Pardon me, Mr. Schwab!"

"Arms and the *man*, I sing," I used to read in my Virgil, thirty years ago. Other times, other manners, in the college of to-day. Arms, equipments, athletic fields, libraries, gymnasia, dormitories, books, words—all these, and not anywhere a *man*? No one to ask a boy what he has chosen to study, and why, and what it is doing for him? No one to say to *seventeen*, *eighteen*, *nineteen*, any personal words of honor, of truth, of the inner life and light, intellectual and spiritual? I am not a religious man; but do you know that ever since last Commencement day I have been thinking to myself, "They call Jesus Christ the Great Teacher, and what did he teach?" "He went to him." "He turned and looked upon him." "Let me touch the hem of his garment." If Jesus Christ taught anything, he taught the value of personal influence, personal knowledge, personal contact; but this course is probably now held by the universities to be elementary, and put into the preparatory schools. Professors, instructors, tutors, all busy with the books they are writing for fame and money, say that in the big universities there are too many students to be personally known.

Napoleon committed his army lists to memory and knew his men. They stood by him pretty well, didn't they?

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The athletic trainers know every bone, muscle, and sinew of every member of every team. Is character muscle a less valuable article? If from education the *man* is to be eliminated, and the extract of information alone is to abide, why, then, shall I send my own boy to college? I honestly don't know. Will not somebody, both rich and generous, endow a chair in humanity to accompany the chairs of *The Humanities*, and send a man into the university who may earn a Ph.D. in the knowledge of young boys and their works and ways? Will not some one else endow a graduate chair in the catalogue, so that struggling parents may be taught how to take up the cast-off task—that vital task—of the colleges, and may learn how to lay out a course of study, giving these same young boys a working plan, sane, sequent, and coherent? If so, perhaps the struggling John Smiths may still toil cheerfully in the sweat of their brows to send their boys to college. Until then—is it worth while? Well, I am only a lawyer, and naturally "*ex parte*." Who will answer as the judge?

# *WAS IT WORTH WHILE?*

*BY JOCELYN LEWIS*

PERHAPS the same sort of thing goes on in the blessed open country, but the deliberate hacking away of all the gentle outreaching faculties and aptitudes of the human character, because sympathy and appreciation and neighborly kindness and plain, every-day truthfulness and justice, with all their beautiful train of attendant social virtues, do not pay in spot cash or its equivalent in personal aggrandizement, is observable much more frequently in the crowded town. And a lamentable sight men are when they have trimmed away every feeling, and disposition to feel, that interferes with the Main Chance. Once the evenings of a whole summer were disturbed and rendered mentally irritating to me by the brutal pruning of a row of full-grown fir-trees in a yard directly opposite. Their limbs were sawed off up to the eaves of a two-story house, and the great white scars left to bleed pitch in the hot summer sun, because their new owners wanted to see and be seen, and the sight of the trees was well-nigh intolerable. It was an outrage against nature in itself, and then it always suggested a row of men whom a recent damage suit against the corporation that made the place and owned it revealed in much the same condition; only their wounds were self-inflicted.

It isn't a pretty story, but it shall be made no more gruesome than a clear understanding makes necessary. Jackson might have run out from his work that night in such a hurry that he neglected to see the belt of his machine actually thrown over to the running pulley; but there is no question but that he was trying to save the company a few dollars in repairs at the risk of his right arm when the toothed drum of the picker caught him. He might have let the small flint that he saw in the teeth go through and smash out a double row of spikes, but he reached in to save the machine from injury, and just then it started.

The machine had no preferences as to the material it picked and clawed to shreds, and there was nobody to help; but the shoulder would not feed in, and after an age of effort Jackson got his knife out of his pocket with his left hand, opened it with his teeth, and cut himself loose. Just then the other men came in, and he was rushed to the hospital in time to save his life. When he got well, as the company had made no move to settle with him, he naturally brought suit for the loss of his arm, and the company, one of the richest in the country, fought the suit from A to Z, and won the case against its tortured and crippled workman.

This result was made possible by the testimony of half a dozen men, heads of departments, overseers, and men of authority every one, who declared that Jackson injured himself by neglect and carelessness, and that the company was in no

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wise to blame, and was not called upon to make restitution even to the value of a penny.

"Why did you not call attention to the fact that Jackson was trying to save the machinery from being injured, at a terrible risk to himself, instead of harping on the belt's position?" each of them was asked later in conversation.

"Oh, that was no part of instructions," one replied. "It wouldn't have been healthy," said another. And in some way all conveyed the information that they were not free agents, not at liberty to tell the whole truth as they had sworn to do.

"Was it easy to make yourself over into that shape?"

This question in some form was put to each of them, and the answers were balefully illuminating, but not exactly reportable. The mechanic's vocabulary is terribly limited when he has that kind of thing to say; but there are times and seasons when swearing does not sound dreadfully wicked.

It was not quite so easy to corner the corporation lawyer who defended the company against poor Jackson's raid on its treasury, but he was finally penned behind large palms and rubber plants at a church reception, and baited with small, well-placed sarcasms into defending himself. And lo! it was the same plaint as that uttered by the uncultivated master mechanics. He, too, had frequently to strangle his own personal feelings and do repugnant duties. It was all in the day's work.

"But surely—"

Oh, he was sick of the sound of Jackson's name. He did not relish such jobs, but what could an outsider know of what it took out of a fellow to be damnably inhuman by the hour at a stretch? The maimed, hideously scarred trees came into view, and, as this man was at no intellectual disadvantage, there appeared to be no reason for sparing him.

"There seems to be no law against spiritual mayhem, so each man has a perfect right to cripple himself to any extent." This remark was addressed to the palms, but the lawyer answered it by upsetting one of them and escaping from further consideration of Jackson's case.

By this time the collector's instinct was aroused, and the men responsible for what went into the news columns of the three local papers had to give up their reasons for suppressing all references to Jackson or his case, after a very quiet, restrained account of it had been editorially rejected by each of the dailies and sent back from the office of the weekly. These gentlemen assured me that nothing unpleasant to the feelings or prejudicial to the business methods of the company could be smuggled into print at ten times the regular advertising rates in that town, and probably not in that county. If Jackson's story were sent as fiction to some metropolitan publication, it would probably go, but nowhere as fact would it be received at all cordially. "We are all solid with the corporations," one young reporter admitted, expansively, mistaking me for a country scribe. These news-gatherers expressed no compunction for their peculiar status as the paid servants of the dominant business of the town. The editors, of course, were inaccessible, and it might very well have seemed unnecessary to them to stir up feeling among Jackson's fellow mill-hands. There is no evidence beyond the chatter of the reporters that the press was suborned; but it certainly was on the side of the corporation or silent on every occasion like the present.

There remained one other page to write, else my notes would lack a certain completeness. Jackson had picked up a basket-making, rattan-weaving business which he could work at with one hand, but he hardly managed to keep soul and body together. It was perfectly astounding that the owners of the factory, two families of whom were in town at the time of the accident, had not made some voluntary provision for the man. It was fitting that their attention should be called to the case, but at each of the great houses there was intense irritation manifested when this was done. They thanked no one for instructing them as to their social duties. The similarity of the phrasing of their replies argued some understanding between

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them. Nothing really had been expected. The calls were made merely to get a chance to ask those people if it came easy to refuse assistance to a faithful workman maimed so dreadfully in their service. Both of the ladies assured me that they were glad of the opportunity to make it perfectly plain that no premium would ever be put on carelessness by them, neither would they tempt the poor to hurt themselves by paying for accidents.

Again the row of poor, scarred fir-trees came before my mental vision. There are self-inflicted spiritual hurts quite as crippling and deforming as the hacking away of beautiful outreaching, shade-giving lower branches. I came away really disappointed not to have elicited a note or vibration of human sympathy; but possibly among themselves those rich people were not afraid to appear more kind.

# *IN THE DAYS OF THE FOUNDERS*[1]

THERE has recently appeared from the pen of Mr. James Schouler, the well-known historian, a novel monograph which should find a place in the working library of every student of American history and a wide circulation among the educated public generally. It is undoubtedly true, as Mr. Schouler suggests in the opening chapters of this work, that the present generation knows too little of the social, intellectual, and industrial conditions of the Revolutionary period; or, to put it otherwise, of the life and manners of the founders of the Republic. Certain broad and obviously significant facts are realized, but insufficient attention has been paid to the seemingly trivial details of every-day life, details of which it is nevertheless necessary to have knowledge if we would fully appreciate the National development and the distance that has been traversed since independence of England was declared. It has accordingly been Mr. Schouler's aim to assist the present-day American in reconstituting, so far as possible, the life of the Americans of 1776; and in the pursuit of this object he has vigorously explored contemporary documents, letters, memoirs, and newspapers, extracting therefrom a great mass of illuminative material which will be new to the majority of his readers. Scarcely any phase of the subject has escaped his scrutiny, and so thorough is his survey that the student will find it possible to draw from his pages a sound understanding of the factors that contributed, on the one hand, to give solidity to the structure so painfully erected after the great war, and, on the other, to handicap the builders and cause so much future suffering and peril.

He has not, it must be said, cast his abundance of data into a form that will readily arouse the imagination. Like so many of our historical writers, he overlooks, in the passion for research, the value of narrative skill, and contents himself with a bald, even awkward presentation of the information secured with such diligence and enthusiasm. But in the present instance even an unaccustomed hand—and Mr. Schouler's certainly is not that—could not dull the interest of the subject matter which he has distributed among twenty chapters, discussing in turn the geographical setting, negro and white slavery, crimes and lawlessness, domestic life, the casualties of life, the three public vocations of postmaster, innkeeper, and common carrier, dress and diet, recreations and amusements, colonial literature and the colonial press, the fine arts, philanthropy and disease, education, religious influences, libraries and clubs, industrial pursuits, and political conditions. Wide as is the scope thus indicated, this list of topics affords no idea of the care exercised by the author to leave nothing essential and instructive unsaid. The chapters on colonial literature and the colonial press are characteristic of his method throughout, and are among the most interesting. The first not only makes very evident the tastes of the small reading public that then existed, and enumerates the "best sellers" of the

[1] *Americans of 1776*. By James Schouler. Dodd Mead & Co., New York. $2, net.

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day, but it also critically examines the productions of native talent. The second treats at considerable length typical magazines, newspapers, and pamphlets, disclosing their influence and the difficulties that beset them.

Even more suggestive is that portion of the work which relates to crime and philanthropy. From it we learn that while the majority of the colonists were law-abiding, lawlessness was only too distinctive a characteristic. Crime and disorder were rife, despite the fact that criminals were punished out of all proportion to their offenses. "Men were hanged in various American colonies for robbery, for horse-stealing, for forging and counterfeiting." Mobbing and rioting were of frequent occurrence, and "what we call lynch law antedated the Revolution, and our patriot forefathers gloried in it." Organized charity and philanthropy had not advanced far, although Pennsylvania had set a notable example with her cottage almshouses. There were, so far as Mr. Schouler can find, only two hospitals in all the colonies, one in Philadelphia, the other in New York. The reformatory idea was still of the future, and penal institutions were conducted on purely punitive lines. Facts like these must diminish the enthusiast's regret for the vanishing of the "good old times." But there is, of course, another side to the shield, and Mr. Schouler in no wise neglects this, bringing out in bold relief the rugged virtues of the forefathers—their uncompromising love of liberty, their deep religious convictions, their simplicity and economy, their wholesome amusements, their admirable home life. Thus, we find him writing:

> In no respect were Americans of this early age more admirable than in the home and family relation. Marriage was honorable, almost universal; and men and women paired to rear a family and give the genealogy of the race a new progression. Something of that same devotion to their wives which the polished Tacitus had remarked of those savage tribes, our ancestors, when the decay of Rome's degenerate empire supplied a classic but corrupt comparison, could be traced in these hardy Anglo-Saxons of the eighteenth century, who were peopling a new continent for a fresh example to mankind. At the pioneer home and fireside Americans of all social grades received an early discipline that fitted them for free institutions and good citizenship. The household made somewhat of a tribal bond, and industry, thrift, learning, religion, patriotism, and the social affections were all taught in the family circle. Marriage—nature's true companionship of the sexes, contrived for the whole human race—was the settlement for life in each commonwealth; a rugged, commonplace existence found in the home and helpmate life's chief solace and recreation. Children, too, and the duplicated ties of marriage alliance and progeny to a remote issue, confirmed one's hold upon the future, and gave a personal zest to the coming years.

Enough has been said to indicate the character and extent of Mr. Schouler's study, and this is all that can be attempted in the space at our disposal. We would not close, however, without paying the tribute of at least a word to the tireless patience which has alone made it possible for the author to bring together from so many scattered sources these thousand and one memories of the private life of a bygone generation.

# "THE GRAND YOUNG MAN"[1]

## BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

THE time is hardly ripe for a final estimate of the career and influence of Lord Randolph Churchill, but an attempt is made necessary by the appearance of what must probably be regarded as the definitive biography. Its author, Lord Randolph's son—Mr. Winston Churchill—certainly seems to believe that he has provided all the material needful to a complete knowledge of that life which opened so brilliantly and closed so tragically. "I thought it my duty," he writes, "so far as possible, to assemble once and for all the whole body of historical evidence required for the understanding of Lord Randolph Churchill's career. Scarcely anything of material consequence has been omitted, and such omissions as have been neces-

[1] *Lord Randolph Churchill.* By Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P. Two volumes. The Macmillan Company, New York. $9, net, per set.

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sary are made for others' sakes and not for his own. Scarcely any statement of importance lacks documentary proof. There is nothing more to tell." After this, it is not surprising to find that his narrative consumes more than a thousand pages and constitutes a contribution to political history fully as much as to biography. In either aspect, it may at once be said, it contains much to excite admiration. It is written in a dignified and elevated but flowing style, brings together in a most interesting way a mass of hitherto inaccessible evidence throwing light on the inner workings of British party politics at a memorable epoch, and tells the life story of its central figure in a frankly enthusiastic but, under the circumstances, surprisingly impartial vein. Writing as he does of a father whose work he is in a sense himself continuing, it would be unreasonable to expect of Mr. Churchill the judicial severity and calm detachment of the true historian; and it must be admitted that the effect of his efforts, honest though they be, is to impart to the uninformed reader an exaggerated idea of the importance of Lord Randolph Churchill, and a not wholly accurate mental picture of the factors contributing to accelerate his rise and fall. At the same time, it is only fair to say that the problems raised by Lord Randolph's personality and meteoric flight are of a nature to perplex the most astute student, however free from prejudice or prepossession; and that, considering everything, Mr. Churchill is to be felicitated on the zeal, tact, and ability with which he has executed his task.

It will be remembered that Lord Randolph Churchill first came into prominence shortly after the election of 1880, which returned the Liberals to power with a large majority over all other sections of the House. He was then thirty-one, and had already been a member of Parliament six years. But there had hitherto been little in his career to warrant the belief that he would ever challenge the attention of his party, much less the nation; although, to be sure, as early as 1869 the discerning Beaconsfield had told the Duchess of Marlborough, Lord Randolph's mother, that "it rested with Randolph to become a distinguished man." As a school-boy at Eton he had shown himself high-spirited, open, and generous, but belligerent, self-willed, and stubborn. At Oxford he had been known chiefly for his pack of hounds, his daring in the saddle, and his chess-playing. At twenty-three his son is obliged to describe him as "moving with a jaunty step through what were in those days the very select circles of fashion and clubland, seeking the pleasures of the turf and the town." At twenty-four behold him wooing with characteristic impetuosity the charming Miss Jerome, to whom, we are told, he proposed marriage the third evening of their acquaintance. Twenty-five, and they are wedded and he in Parliament, as representative of the pocket borough of Woodstock, which had been kept warmed for him by the head of the house, his father, the seventh Duke of Marlborough. Mr. Churchill insists that Lord Randolph entered the political arena sorely against his will, and only at the earnest solicitation of the Duke, who "felt, and with reason, that unless Lord Randolph were member for Woodstock before his marriage, not only would the borough be seduced to Radicalism, but that the son in whom all the hopes and ambitions of his later life were centered might never enter Parliament at all."

Neither marriage nor election seems to have had an immediately sobering effect. During the first three years of the Parliament of 1874 "he did not occupy more than an hour and a half of its time or attention." His attendance at the House was "fitful and fleeting," and with his bride he gave almost his entire time to the enjoyment of the gayeties and festivities of London, and, in proper season, of Newmarket, Ascot, Goodwood, Cowes, Trouville, and Blenheim. Then, suddenly, an event occurred which, to quote once more from his son's pages,

> altered, darkened, and strengthened his whole life and character. Engaging in his brother's quarrels with fierce and reckless partisanship, Lord Randolph incurred the deep displeasure of a great personage. The fashionable world no longer smiled. Powerful enemies were anxious to humiliate him. His own sensitiveness and pride magnified

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every coldness into an affront. London became odious to him. The breach was not repaired for more than eight years, and in the interval a nature originally genial and gay contracted a stern and bitter quality, a harsh contempt for what is called "Society," and an abiding antagonism to rank and authority. If this misfortune produced in Lord Randolph characteristics which afterwards hindered or injured his public work, it was also his spur. Without it he might have wasted a dozen years in the frivolous and expensive pursuits of the silly world of fashion; without it he would probably never have developed popular sympathies or the courage to champion democratic causes.

Whatever the ultimate consequences of the indiscretion which induced "the deep displeasure of a great personage," Lord Randolph lost no time in taking refuge in Ireland, where his father was now Lord Lieutenant, and where he found opportunity to indulge his sporting proclivities and, incidentally, to study Irish problems and Irish character with some approach to seriousness. The first fruits of this avocation were manifested in a speech at Woodstock, in the course of which he revealed sentiments utterly alien to the illiberal policy of his party. "The only excuse I can find for Randolph," wrote his irate sire in an explanatory and oddly apologetic letter to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, "is that he must either be mad or have been singularly affected with local champagne or claret." Lord Randolph, however, was soon to make evident to the Duke, to Sir Michael, and to the entire Conservative organization, that he was neither mad nor intoxicated, but at variance from Conservative principles, and determined and able to hew along lines distinctively his own.

His chance came with the general election of 1880. Out of the disaster engulfing the Tories the young member for Woodstock saved his seat and hurried to London with the consciousness that it was high time for him to be up and doing. What he did astonished England. Uniting with him three men —Sir John Gorst, Sir Henry Wolff, and Arthur Balfour—of markedly dissimilar characteristics, but, as it soon developed, admirably complementing one another, he literally organized a party within a party. At first the House was disposed to take scant notice of him and his associates, on whom the nickname "The Fourth Party" was derisively bestowed. But they speedily compelled its attention, heckling the Government without cessation, and by their democratic views bringing panic to the Opposition. "Nothing," says Mr. Churchill, "could excel the industry of the Fourth Party in Supply. They presented themselves nightly as the vigilant guardians of the public purse. No item of expenditure was too small to be criticised; no economy too petty to be cherished. . . . Nothing could provoke them to anger or to levity. Their dignity and politeness were undisturbed by charges of obstruction." But they continually obstructed. In four months Sir John Gorst made one hundred and five speeches and asked eighteen questions, Sir Henry Wolff made sixty-eight speeches and asked thirty-four questions, and Lord Randolph Churchill made seventy-four speeches and asked twenty-one questions. Mr. Balfour, then "an affable and rather idle young gentleman," spoke much less frequently than his colleagues, but to good purpose, from their point of view, which was not simply to harass the Government, but to wrest leadership in the Opposition from Sir Stafford Northcote and his lieutenants, whom the Fourth Party irreverently dubbed "the old gang." Beaconsfield encouraged their efforts, and under his auspices the doctrines of "Tory Democracy" were promulgated. With their promulgation, and upon Beaconsfield's death, Lord Randolph Churchill became beyond any question the man of the hour.

It was a far cry from the day when, presenting himself for the first time to the electors of Woodstock, he had made a lame, broken, and altogether ineffective address. Now the House knew no more subtle, adroit, pungent debater. His speeches, his son reminds us, were, above all, "entirely fresh and original. Wit, abuse, epigrams, imagery, argument—all were 'Randolphian.' No one could guess beforehand what he was going to say nor how he would say it." Outside the House his every word was attentively studied by a constantly growing audience, which did not withhold applause even when his shafts were aimed at its most venerated idols. By the party

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leaders he was viewed with mingled wrath, contempt, and fear, a crisis developing upon the publication, in 1883, of his well-known letters to the "Times" and his "Mantle of Elijah" article in the "Fortnightly Review," dealing with the question of the successorship to Lord Beaconsfield as head of the Conservative party, and broadly hinting that if Lord Salisbury were not prepared to assume the duties of leader, he, Lord Randolph, was. With an access of enthusiasm, the Tories of Birmingham urged him to contest that city with Colonel Burnaby against Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain. Accepting their invitation, the campaign he waged, although a losing one, went to the redounding of his fame and influence. With the fall of the Government in 1885, and the accession of Lord Salisbury, it was impossible longer to ignore him, and he entered the short-lived "Ministry of Caretakers," as Secretary of State for India, performing the duties of that important post with a discretion and ability that confounded those who had imagined he would emulate the proverbial bull in the china shop. In the ensuing campaign he was once more the heart and soul of the Tory host, renewing his attack with redoubled vigor when Gladstone, triumphant at the polls, broached his Home Rule scheme. It was then that Lord Randolph visited Ulster and made the revolutionary "Ulster will fight, and Ulster will be right!" speech, which brought upon him such a storm of denunciation. It was then that he formed the alliance with his old-time enemy, Mr. Chamberlain, and labored day and night for coalition between the Conservatives and those Liberals who balked at Home Rule. The credit for the resultant victory was felt on all sides to be largely his. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach resigned to him the leadership of the House of Commons, in after years giving as his reason that "I felt that Lord Randolph Churchill was superior in eloquence, ability, and influence to myself." To him, too, fell the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. Honors indeed for a pocket borough member who had been virtually unknown six years before! But the "mantle of Elijah" still eluded his eager grasp, and the events of the next few months were to make certain that he would never wear it.

It was in August, 1886, that he assumed the responsibilities of the Chancellorship; it was in December of the same year that he relinquished them, amid, at first, incredulous surprise, and then a torrent of wrathful abuse. The circumstances attending his resignation are well known; it is not so easy to fathom the motives underlying it. In preparing his Budget (now given to the public for the first time) he had decided upon some material reductions, to which both the Secretary of War and the First Lord of the Admiralty objected. The latter eventually gave a grudging assent, but the former was immovable. "You will shortly have to decide," wrote Lord Randolph to Lord Salisbury, "whose services you will retain—those of your War Minister or those of your Chancellor of Exchequer." Following this, events developed rapidly, Lord Randolph's resignation being accepted within little more than a week from the time the foregoing sentence was penned. "Henceforth," to quote Sir Herbert Maxwell's cutting but correct observation, "Lord Randolph was to fill the melancholy rôle of a young man with a brilliant future behind him."

His subsequent career may be summed up rapidly. A political Ishmaelite—refusing, despite his democratic leanings, to join his fortunes with those of the Liberals—he spent himself in a perpetual conflict with the advocates of what he deemed reactionary or antiquated policies. Gradually the tide once more turned in his favor, but, with his health shattered from long-continued strain, it turned too late. In vain he journeyed to South Africa to recuperate for the congenial task of again crossing swords with his great adversary, Gladstone. Friend and foe alike were shocked by his strangely altered appearance when he re-entered the House.

It seemed incredible that this bald and bearded man with shaking hands and a white face drawn with pain and deeply marked with the lines of care and illness, and with a voice whose tremulous tones already betrayed the fatal difficulty of articulation, could be that same brilliant, audacious leader who, in

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the flush of exultant youth, had marched irresistibly to power through the stormy days of 1886.

Two brief years more and the end had come, after as brave a fight as any made against the tremendous odds of his political conquests. Significant, too, that when the end came England sincerely mourned this gifted, erratic scion of the house of Churchill. To the last he was "little Randy" to a large section of his fellow-countrymen, and, as he lay dying, from the club to the public-house the chief topic of conversation was the latest news from his bedside and speculation as to the probable outcome of his gallant struggle with death.

It is not easy to place him among his contemporaries or to appraise his services to his country. In his brief tenure of office as Secretary of State for India and as Chancellor of the Exchequer he undoubtedly displayed qualities of true constructive statesmanship, and in the annexation of Burma he has left at least one enduring memorial to his fame. But his fitness for that "mantle of Elijah" which he so strenuously sought may reasonably be questioned. He was not, and with his intermittent earnestness and lack of power of subordination could never have been, a Gladstone, a Beaconsfield, or a Salisbury. His son claims for him a disinterested patriotism, a true liberality, an enduring consistency; but in this it is to be feared he claims too much. He claims, also, that "at a time when Liberal formulas and Tory inertia seemed alike chill and comfortless, he warmed the heart of England and strangely stirred the imagination of her people;" and this claim is nearer the mark. But Gladstone, Beaconsfield, and Salisbury, each in his way, "warmed the heart of England and strangely stirred the imagination of her people." More important, they rang true in the thought of her people; which is precisely where Lord Randolph Churchill fell short. The masses could applaud his splendid courage, his daring, his recklessness; could laugh with him at "the goat" and "the old man in a hurry;" could pay homage to his fascinating personality; but they could not repose full confidence in him. It is well to remember that Beaconsfield's strength lay, not in "Tory Democracy," but in "Imperialism;" and in essaying to give practical expression to the Beaconsfieldian idea Lord Randolph Churchill inevitably exposed himself to the mistrust awaiting all champions of contradictions in terms. For "Tory Democracy" is a contradiction in terms, if ever there were one. And, whether or not sincere, whether or not politics was to him more than an exciting game, Lord Randolph, for all his boldness, ingenuity, and wit, could hardly have hoped to persuade or dragoon the growing democracy into acceptance of himself as physician and his programme as panacea for the ills affecting society.

Was he sincere? Was his programme the fruit of conviction, or designed as a stepping-stone to personal aggrandizement? To the reader accepting Mr. Churchill's narrative without question there can seem little room to doubt Lord Randolph's sincerity. Nor, even taking into account the queries raised (and not altogether satisfactorily answered in these pages) by his conduct in respect to Ireland and in the matter of the resignation, can it be successfully maintained that what he primarily sought was not the benefit of his fellows but his own advancement. Ambitious he certainly was, but it is no sin to be ambitious. His error lay in misunderstanding the factors that had made his remarkable rise from obscurity an accomplished fact; in overestimating his strength and underestimating the strength of the forces opposed to him; and, above all, in a fatal arrogance and audacity. Add to this his inflexibility, and it is not difficult to understand why he fell as he did, and why, when he fell, he found himself deserted and solitary. He cannot be called great; but he certainly possessed some of the distinguishing marks of greatness. His life can hardly be pictured as a success; but neither would it be fair to regard it as an utter failure. The extent of his influence? That can be revealed only by the future history of England and of the political party which was so unexpectedly galvanized into a new lease of life and power by "the Grand Young Man."

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# Comment on Current Books

*Democracy in the Church*

From St. Paul to Hildebrand the Church was organized successively as a democracy, an aristocracy, an autocracy. The Reformation introduced a reversion, first to aristocracy, and then to democracy. From the democratic Church grew the democratic State, first realized in the Mayflower colony at Plymouth. Since then democracy in both Church and State has grown apace. Among American Protestants now the most numerous group consists of the congregationally organized bodies, characterized by their "direct" democracy, in distinction from the "indirect" democracy of other groups. Yet even in its direct form the democratic idea is not yet perfectly realized. It has still to meet the supreme test which every form of church polity must face—what it can do to end the evils and losses which result from Christian divisions. Does it or does it not involve a separate denominational life? If it does, it must be sacrificed to the interests of Christian unity. If it does not, it must demonstrate its capacity to reunite the churches. This is the point of view from which Mr. Heermance writes upon the polity of the Congregational churches. It is a new point of view. Treatises on church polity usually present it as a thing by itself. This views it as a means to a supreme end. Such a presentation has claim on the attention of the Church at large. The ideal which a thoroughly democratized Congregational Church presents is that of one administrative whole, within which all varieties of doctrine, ritual, and administration exist in freedom side by side. It is not a new conception, but it has not been presented heretofore with such force and freshness. Far future it seems, but progress toward it is accelerating. The defects of current Congregationalism are freely criticised, and recent forward movements, East and West, toward a better and more effective realization of pure democracy are instructively described and estimated. Church unification, in Mr. Heermance's view, must begin at the small end in the little overchurched village. If the devil of "parochial selfishness" can be dislodged there, the *pons asinorum* will have been crossed; to the larger unity there is thence an open road. As a thoroughly catholic treatise on a distinctive type of church polity this is a work of unusual merit. (Democracy in the Church. By Edgar L. Heermance. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. $1.25.)

*The Electrical Nature of Matter*

The revolutionary effect which recent scientific research has wrought upon our common-sense notions of matter is suggested by the title of this book. Our old acquaintance, the atom, is no longer what its name implies—the ultimate, indivisible constituent with which physics and chemistry have to deal. The theory here presented holds that "all atoms of whatever kind are made up of electrons, which are nothing but negative charges of electricity in rapid motion," and "at enormous distances apart, compared with the spaces actually occupied by them, like the planets in the solar system." The ultimate unit of all so-called matter is not the atom, but the electron, which is simply energy. The energy of such substances as radium and its congeners is that of the same electric element. A large portion of the present volume is devoted to them and to a discussion of the remarkable studies of their nature which have marked a new epoch in the advance of the physical sciences. It is enough to say here that the new theory coheres with facts before established, while it opens into fields of large interest that wait for further exploration. The subject is recondite, yet its presentation is sufficiently simplified for easy comprehension, while references to the original sources of information provide for readers who desire fuller knowledge. (The Electrical Nature of Matter and Radioactivity. By Harry Clary Jones. D. Van Nostrand Company, New York. $2.)

*Eve's Diary*

Mark Twain has published a companion volume to the "Extracts from Adam's Diary," which appeared some time ago. Like that book, it is "translated from the original." Eve relates, with charming *naïveté* and unconscious humor, her experience in the Garden of Eden and after the fall. These somewhat fragmentary records of the first days of the human race are full of interest, not only because of the information which they impart, but because of their witness that human nature and especially feminine nature are as old as man himself. The book bears internal evidence that it owes much to the skill of the translator. (Eve's Diary. Translated from the Original MS. By Mark Twain. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.)

*R. Holmes & Co.*

Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, the author of many books of humor of uneven quality, has taken as his



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hero the son of Sherlock Holmes and the grandson of Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman of Mr. Hornung's tales. Raffles Holmes has a sort of dual personality, with one half of which he commits robberies in order that the other half may return the plunder and secure the inevitable reward. Jenkins, his partner, records his exploits after the manner of Dr. Watson and Bunny. A parody needs to be remarkably well done to secure the forgiveness of the admirers of the original. It is to be feared that Mr. Bangs must go unforgiven. (R. Holmes & Co. By John Kendrick Bangs. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.25.)

*The Knowledge of God* These volumes present in rearranged form the Gifford Lectures at Edinburgh in 1904 and 1905 by the Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Cambridge, England. What man has discovered concerning God through God's revelation of himself to man is the theme given by the title. The first series discusses the reality and the character of such a revelation and discovery of God in the universe and in man. The second series is devoted to a historico-critical survey of its development from the stage of primitive religion to the present. The regulative ideas which guide the lecturer through this extensive field are mainly these: The Infinite is in the finite, the finite in the Infinite; man's true nature is good, however stained; feeling is equally essential with intellect to all well-reasoned knowledge; special revelation is the general revelation in nature and in man centralized along the line of the chief human need—our moral need; the inspiration given by the revelation is vital, it is moral insight and quickening; the finality of the revelation is a person in whom the divine and the ideally human are manifested as one. Mr. Gwatkin holds strongly to orthodox Trinitarianism; he deems it necessary to find a counterpart in Deity to the social element so strong in humanity. But he is evidently a broad-churchman and open-minded. To him "the spark of life is mysticism," religious feeling warmly alive to God and in converse with him. Such feeling is in his case profoundly moral, indignant at "the general debasement of the last twenty years" and the wide disregard of social duty. Most readers in passing from the first series to the second will find a more varied and vivid interest in the survey of the historical course of the revelation and discovery of God, especially in the more recent period of reaction from the Protestant orthodoxy of the seventeenth century. "Criticism," says Mr. Gwatkin, "has done as much as even science to deepen and widen our conception of the knowledge of God." Evangelicals, Tractarians, Ritualists, Unitarians, Deists, all share his keen criticism, but the Church of Rome is reprobated as "the mother of most of the skepticism," and beyond the hope of reform. On the other hand, he sees an equal evil in "the selfish materialism which is common to the actual plutocrats at the top of the scale and the would-be plutocrats at the bottom." Professor Gwatkin's remark that "if a higher conception of religion is to be built up, deeper foundations will have to be laid," is both true and timely. It is just this that he seems to have set himself to do. The main criticism he provokes from the present reviewer is that his conception of the Divine Immanence, with its associate truth of the Fatherhood of God, requiring him, as it does, to invoke support for the latter in the doctrine of the Trinity, may seem inadequate. But whatever defects may be attributed to his work, its philosophic thought and warmth of feeling make it a worthy continuation of the work of his predecessors in the Gifford lectureship. (The Knowledge of God. By Henry Melvill Gwatkin, M.A. In 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.75, net.)

*Messages to Workingmen* The author of these brief papers is doing as much as any man in our country to remove misunderstandings and promote mutual good will between the churches and the labor unions. The "messages" in this volume have been given to workingmen in the columns of the labor journals. They serve to introduce the churches and the workingmen to acquaintance with each other. They deserve as wide reading among the one as among the other group, whom they equally concern. They cannot fail, wherever read, to promote an interest in the work of conciliation to which, as a branch of its home missionary work, Mr. Stelzle was appointed two or three years ago by the Presbyterian Church. Their outstanding characteristics are sound sense, a broad humanity, and insistence on personal loyalty to Christ. (Messages to Workingmen. By Charles Stelzle. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. 75c., net.)

*The Mosaic Law in Modern Life* These ten sermons on the Ten Commandments, by the pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, have the merit of fresh and forcible dealing with modern forms of iniquity, as well as with those known of old. For their closer pertinency to present conditions they are preferable to some expositions that have long been

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justly esteemed. Their simplicity, plainness, directness, and illustrations from current practices make them eminently suitable to put into the hands of young people entering into business and social life. The discourse on the Fourth Commandment might be bettered. It is time that Christians realize that "the Sabbath" was superseded by "the Lord's Day" nineteen centuries ago; time to cease giving the Jewish name to the Christian day, for names are not without influence upon thought. (The Mosaic Law in Modern Life. By Cleland Boyd McAfee. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. $1, net.)

*The Subconscious*

Certain functions we perform unconsciously, such as the pumping of the blood through the system; others we perform consciously, such as learning to use a typewriter. Between these two lie functions or acts which we perform subconsciously. Either these are unconscious actions which we can call up into consciousness and control, such as winking or swallowing; or they are actions which once we did with painful consciousness, such as writing or walking, but now, through habit, do, as it were, automatically. It is concerning these subconscious acts that this very readable and sane book is written. The subconscious part of ourselves is elusive and tantalizing. It invites study; and yet as soon as we direct our attention to it, it of course disappears, for it ceases to be subconscious. What we have done subconsciously remains only in some visible results, or in the testimony of our companions or neighbors, or in a treacherous memory. Professor Jastrow studies this subconsciousness in three phases, the normal, the abnormal, and the theoretical. An instance of the normal in subconsciousness may be taken from almost any habit. For instance: "We know for the various doors of our house where to reach for the knob, whether high or low, to the left or right, to turn the knob or raise the latch, to pull or push, vigorously or gently. . . . If the door-knob had been shifted since your last visit, you would be apt to notice something unusual in the arrangement." It is to such normal, not abnormal, forms of subconsciousness that even such apparently inexplicable performances as certain tricks of crystal-gazers may be attributed. Of the abnormal, dreaming furnishes probably the most common instances: for the term here is used not of the morbid or even of the unusual, but of that which departs from "rather well-defined, fairly accepted norms." Insensibility to pain, altered personality, arithmetical genius—these and other instances of the abnormal are considered. Finally these phenomena, normal and abnormal, are fitted into a theory. Suffice it to say here that Professor Jastrow rejects the theory of a "subliminal self"—a sort of higher being not amenable to ordinary laws, but living mysteriously in a higher world. In other words, he does not acknowledge that psychology has as yet introduced the "occult" into polite intellectual society. The layman who is at all interested in this alluring aspect of the human mind, as well as the student of this particular subject, will find it easy to take up this volume and not so easy to lay it down. (The Subconscious. By Joseph Jastrow. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $2.50, net.)

*Western Culture in Eastern Lands*

That indefatigable traveler and scholar, Arminius Vambery, is again to the fore with a new book. We find it more interesting than his "History of Bokhara," or his "Travels in Central Asia," or even his "Autobiography." Professor Vambery discusses a timely subject when he enlightens us as to the comparative methods adopted by England and Russia in the Middle East. Few publicists can speak with Professor Vambery's authority on the political and cultural questions of inner Asia. The Russians, in many respects still semi-Asiatic, seem better fitted to undertake the civilization of this part of Asia, and to be more likely to bring about the transition of one sphere of action to another, than are the English, who lack the necessary pliability. Professor Vambery endeavors, however, and with much success, to prove the erroneousness of this view. (Western Culture in Eastern Lands. By Arminius Vambery, C.V.O. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.50, net.)

*The Wrong Envelope*

Six short stories, five by Mrs. Molesworth and one by a son who died on a ranch in Patagonia seven years ago. The stories are fairly interesting, but are by no means on a level in execution, quality, or interest with Mrs. Molesworth's admirable stories for young readers. (The Wrong Envelope, and Other Stories. By Mrs. Molesworth. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.)

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# Letters to The Outlook

### THE LAW'S DELAY

Referring to lawlessness in this country, The Outlook in a recent editorial says: "No law, no statute, no code, will relieve society from the menace of its criminal classes," and there must be "a reform in the attitude of the judges towards the whole issue between technicality and justice." And "if society is to be protected, it behooves it to see that only such judges are elected or appointed as will let nothing divert them from the single quest of justice."

This is not only false but exceedingly dangerous doctrine. It would upturn the whole theory of the common law—a law which the editorial shows is effective in England, however badly administered it may be in this country. It would substitute for law, in the quaint phrase of an old English judge, "the measure of the judge's foot."

No doubt our average well-meaning judge is prone to magnify the importance of technical constructions of the law, but that by no means justifies "the single quest of justice." Under the laws in this country any judge who resorts to "the single quest of justice" violates his oath to administer the law as it is prescribed by the lawmaking power.

"No law, no statute, no code" will make a judge honest who is dishonest, or convert an ignorant or indolent politician, selected by a political machine and elected by ignorant voters, into an enlightened, diligent, and independent judge; nor will any law make a crooked sheriff summon good jurors, or make jurors try to do their duty, or correct a maudlin public sentiment about the punishment of criminals, or reform newspapers which pander to it. The real reasons why criminal laws are well administered in England are, first, that the judges are selected for qualifications and are thoroughly independent, and, secondly, that jurors and public desire the law enforced. But these same English judges would soon make shipwreck of criminal law were they turned loose, like a Turkish pasha, upon "the single quest of justice."

Rules of law for the trial of accused persons are essential to secure justice for the accused and liberty for the public. They should be prescribed beforehand by the lawmaking power of the State and be knowable by all men, and not locked up in the breast of the judge bent upon "the single quest of justice." If these laws are too technical, they should be made less technical, not by the judge, but by the Legislature. Again, if the judge rather than the law is too technical, the law should correct him by unmistakable provisions—and can if he be honest.

The argumentative illustration you give is not convincing. When the New York law gives an accused person certain needlessly technical but undeniably substantial rights on appeal, and then directs the judges to disregard "technical errors . . . which do not affect [his] substantial rights," it is the law, and not the judges, that is at fault if the accused is granted a new trial for technical errors which do affect his technical but substantial rights. It might have been different had the law provided that a new trial should not be granted for any errors which did not prevent the accused from having a substantially fair trial.

I suspect that the reform which The Outlook desires in our criminal procedure will be reached by a gradual process of evolution after many and varied statutory improvements and the growth of a healthier public judgment about the selection of judges and the punishment of criminals, and not by an abandonment of the long-tested principle of the English common law which requires the judge to decide according to the law as prescribed for him by the lawmaking power of the State.

TEMPLE BODLEY.

Louisville, Kentucky.

### A CALL TO THE CHURCHES

One thousand new missionaries at least each year from the churches of the United States and Canada until the unevangelized portion of the world that fairly falls to the care of these churches is reached—that is the call that went forth from the Annual Conference of the Foreign Mission Boards Secretaries and the Student Volunteer Convention at Nashville last February, and has now been emphasized by the International Missionary Union in its Conference at Clifton Springs, New York, in June. Of the need there was no question. Never has the opportunity, as set forth by the representatives of every denomination from every land, been so startling. Some croakers to the contrary notwithstanding, the demand for workers in Japan who are willing to work for the kingdom of God rather than their own conception or section of it is not only not less but greater. In China government officials, even mandarins, welcome the Chris-



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tian teacher, while the "common people" hear the preacher with more eagerness than ever before. India—almost a continent in itself—western Asia, Arabia, Africa, South and Central America, the islands of the Pacific, all passed in hurried review, told the same story. One man and one unmarried woman missionary to every fifty thousand people—that is not an unreasonable ratio. But is it practicable? Already the United Presbyterian Church has voted its quota, and has raised its average annual gift for foreign missions to two dollars for each man, woman, and child in its membership, and, note this, the same amount for home missions. If the other larger, wealthier communities would do as well, or even better, as they might, the problem would be solved. Another society, by far the largest, most completely organized, and most effective—the Church Missionary Society of England—has three separate times, when facing financial disaster, announced that the measure of its duty was not the cash in its treasury, but the applications for service, and has accepted every well-qualified man or woman who has applied for foreign service, regardless of the funds in hand. At the same time, every means has been adopted to reach the constituency. Books, magazines, leaflets, addresses, mission study classes, the cinematograph, everything that could enforce the need, has been employed, and the funds have come in. Like faith, like energy, will accomplish like results this side the Atlantic.

E. M. BLISS.

New York City.

### THE COST OF POWER

In the issue of The Outlook for June 23 you publish several letters from correspondents on the subject of "The Money-making Power of Niagara," and call attention to the fact that one correspondent raises Mr. Buck's figures ($15 per horse-power per year) for the cost of water-power, while another lowers his figures ($50 per horse-power per year) for power by fuel. I know you overlooked the absurdity of the result, or you would have called attention to that also. The latter correspondent states that but four tons of coal are required per horse-power per year, instead of thirteen tons as stated by Mr. Buck. This would be a saving of nine tons per horse-power per year, and, if we assume coal at $3 per ton, a saving of $27 per horse-power per year, making the cost of steam-power but $23 per year, or, if we allow but $2 per ton for coal, the saving would be at least $18, and the cost for steam-power but $32. On the other hand, the other correspondent states that the price paid for Niagara power is from $24 to $36 per horse-power per year. Surely users of power are not willing to pay more for Niagara power than for steam-power.

I. J. M.

New York City.

### HAWAII

Those of our readers who are inclined to procure a copy of the "Fiftieth Anniversary Number" of the "Pacific Commercial Advertiser" from Honolulu will be grateful to The Outlook for calling their attention to it. Somewhat of the enchantment awaits the reader which awaits the tourist arriving there. Comparatively few Americans duly appreciate either the possibilities or the problems of this fair portion of our National domain. The Outlook deems it a public service to refer to the presentation of them in this finely illustrated folio of a hundred and twenty pages, procurable for ten cents. It is a publication of high value, historical, statistical, and descriptive, a treasury of information concerning the commercial, industrial, agricultural, educational, and religious interests of the islands comprised in our Territory of Hawaii. Not the least interesting part of it is the story of the confluent streams of immigrants—Portuguese, Chinese, Japanese—coming together on this meeting-point of East and West as nowhere else under our flag, and now constituting two-thirds of the population. Yet in this conflux of races and religions the influence of the pioneer missionary church from New England is still preponderant. "There is a leading religious sentiment of Puritan tendencies. . . . The public and social atmosphere is a moral and chastened one." Among the Japanese there are already some twenty-five Christian societies. The American churches are actively continuing the work begun in 1820. The need now is a warmer national feeling toward our Pacific garden, to develop it, as President Roosevelt has urged, "on traditional American lines."

### BIBLE STUDY

A correspondent requests us to add to the list published in The Outlook of July 21, in the editorial, "Is it Safe to Study the New Testament?" the following authors on the conservative side of the Higher Criticism: "Bible Criticism and the Average Man," by Howard Agnew Johnston; "Old Testament Criticism and the Christian Church," by John Edgar McFadyen; "Criticism of the New Testament, St. Margaret's Lectures, 1902;" "Lines of Defence of the Biblical Revelation," by D. S. Margoliouth.

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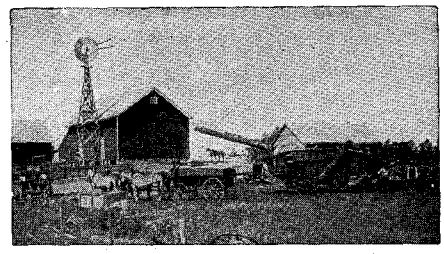

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